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TO A LADY.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Lady—I've looked on thee—
And thou art now a vision of the past—
A spirit-star, whose holy light is cast
On memory's voiceless sea.

That star—it lingers there
So beautiful—'twould seem a dewy flower
Soft-wafted down from Glory's unseen bower,
And floating in mid-air.

It is—that blessed one—
The bright star of my destiny—the first
I e'er could worship as the Persian erst
Worshipped his own loved sun.

My coming years may wear
The color of the tempest—their wild flow
Be dark and drear—but that pure light will glow
Still beautifully there.

NORA DEANE;
OR,
THE GUERRILLAS OF MILLBROOK.

A STORY OF THE PRESENT STRUGGLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIII.
BEHIND THE WALL.

The store of Bayville was nearly opposite the blacksmith's shop. It was a long, low, one-story building, and served the citizens as a place for concerts, caucuses, and social and political gatherings of all sorts. Upon one side ran a counter, and upon the other, piled half way to the wall, were boxes, barrels, casks, and bags. At one end, and running at a right angle from the longer counter, was a short counter, or bar, behind which were half a dozen pipes, and half a dozen kegs, and half a dozen decanters, and half a dozen tumblers, one sugar-bowl, one toddy-stick, and three spoons. The Maine Law had not reached Bayville.

The man who kept the store was named Hugh Piper. He was a native of Connecticut, but had been in Missouri long enough to be counted among her oldest settlers. He was about fifty years of age; short and dumpy in form; with a very red face; a sharp gray eye; a long, emphatic nose, upon the end of which the bright color of the face culminated in a perfect glow; and his movements were quick and energetic, as though his limbs were fixed upon springs of steel. This man shared with Mr. Nelson the political and social rule in Bayville. The attorney possessed the most intellect, but the store-keeper possessed the key to the *spirit*. As for shrewdness, there was not much to choose between them; though Mr. Nelson was shrewd enough never to set himself against the influence of Hugh Piper's "Old Rye."

It was early in the morning—the sun was just bursting the bonds of night—when the male adults of Bayville were all assembled in the store. Some of them had taken a drop of whiskey to open their eyes, and some had not. Piper himself had taken several drops, and had also offered it to others. He asked Ben Gordon if he wouldn't like a "little sunth'n."

"No, sir," replied the stalwart smith.

"A leetle snifter 'll do ye good," said Piper.

"Not a drop this mornin'," persisted Ben. "I want a steady hand and a cool head for the work that's afore us now. You ken drink as much as you please—you're used to it."

"But there's courage in a glass of good whiskey," suggested the store-keeper, as he passed his decanter to a couple of thirsty ones.

"I don't deny that," replied Ben; "an' let them as feels that they haint got courage enough git what they lack out o' yer bottle. As for Ben Gordon, I hope to God he don't need whiskey to help him maintain the right. Your sarvant, gentlemen,—I don't mean no offence to nobody."

"Right as a book every time!" cried a stout old laborer.

And others echoed the sentiment.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Nelson, "we must come to business and organize. In the first place, we must have a leader;—he shall be our president here, and our chief in the field."

"Sartin," responded Ben Gordon. "Harry Marshall's the man."

Harry would have suggested Allan Deane; but the old man would not listen to the proposition. The vote was unanimous in his favor, and he could not refuse. He stepped upon a box, and informed his friends that he would accept the trust, and serve them to the best of his ability. They gave him a cheering response, and then settled down for business.

Harry's first step was to state the facts as they existed, and the circumstances that were liable to transpire during the day.

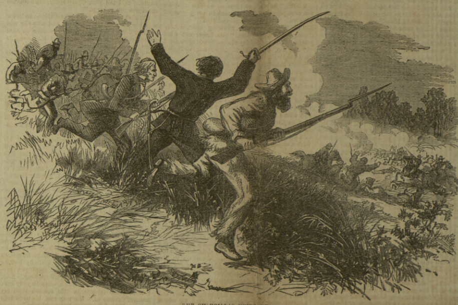
"We shall be attacked by fifty men, at least," he said; "and perhaps more. They may be here by noon, and it is not impossible that they may be here before. In all probability they are even now at Millbrook, just come from an expedition of plunder, and will only stop there long enough to rest and refresh themselves. We must meet them. We have decided that we will meet them. Now, what are our numbers? How many have we here? Will you fall into rank?"

Ben Gordon took his position on the right, and Hugh Piper brought up the extreme left. There were twenty-four men of Bayville, and Harry and Allan Deane made twenty-six. They were just settling back for further consultation when Mark Winter arrived at the head of twenty-one men.

"Here we come!" exclaimed the old trapper, as he filed his followers into the store. "Here's twenty-two on us, ef ye count me one, all good men an' true. But, ye see, we haint all got arms. Now what ye goin' to do? We must find sunth'n."

"Hold on!" cried Hugh Piper, leaping upon a sugar-box. "I've got a secret for ye. My store's a reg'lar military depot. Afore the Federal sogers went off there was sunth'n o' this kind looked out for; an' the major left a lot o' guns and ammunition right here."

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE GUERRILLAS REPULSED.

"All right, boys," said Ben Gordon. "The arms were left in my charge, an' I put 'em in here."

"In course I haint done wrong in tellin' on it," queried Piper.

"Not a bit, old fellar. So now go down an' bring 'em up."

This was something which Harry had known nothing about; and the information gave him all the assurance he could desire. The military commander, who had left only a short time previously, had placed in the hands of the Union men of Bayville fifty good muskets, with plenty of ammunition; and these were soon brought up from the secret nook where Hugh Piper had stored them. The result was, that very shortly every man was efficiently armed; and the possession of the arms gave courage and confidence. Of the men whom Mark had brought some were hunters like himself, and they chose to go into action with their own rifles.

The pieces were all loaded; the men carefully numbered, so that they could fall into position without confusion; and then Harry spoke a few words of encouragement. He could not fix the plan of battle, for he knew not how or when they were to be attacked. He could only give them a few general rules, and urge them to be prepared for the worst.

"But," said he, in conclusion, "I have no fears of defeat. If I had I would not ask you to stand here and fight. If we stand together, like bold, true men, we shall not be overcome."

He was still speaking when a horse came galloping into the village, and one or two of the citizens went out to see who had come. It was a man who, when he saw the assembly at the door of the store, came directly that way; and having got down from the saddle, he entered the store. He was a middle-aged man, covered with dust, and a stranger.

"Hold on," cried Ben Gordon, as several of the citizens seemed inclined to prevent the man from coming into the store. "Ef he's a spy, we ken hold on to him easy enough; an' ef he's a friend, so much the better."

"Ben is right," said Harry. "Admit him."

The new-comer, when he saw those strong, determined men, armed with glittering steel, trembled violently, and hesitated.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"We are Union Men!" answered Harry, with bold, proud emphasis.

"Are you—certainly?" asked the stranger, beseechingly.

"Yes. And now tell us, who are you?"

"I belonged to a party that came from New York," replied the visitor. "There were twenty of us, all told—men, women, and children—and we had six wagons, with horses, and oxen, and sheep, and all our furniture and tools. Last night we were attacked by a band of guerrillas. The women and children were taken prisoners, and all the men killed except myself. I escaped because I had a good horse. There was another train behind us, larger than ours, and they must also have been captured."

"At what time were you attacked?" asked Harry.

"Before ten o'clock. We were making a short march by moonlight."

"And you say the guerrillas showed no mercy?"

"Not to the men. They swore we were all cussed abolitionists, and shooting was too good for us. They hung my companions upon the trees! O, my God! it is terrible! I could not help my poor mates. There were more than forty of the bloodhounds—perhaps more than fifty—and I could only flee. I tried to flee so as to warn the train that was in our rear; but I could not do it, for the murderers had already started off a part of their band in that direction."

"Then of course the other train must have shared the same fate," said Mr. Nelson.

"It must be so."

"Did you leave a wife in the hands of the monsters?"

"No, sir. I have no wife living; I have no child; but I had a brother in th[illegible]n, and he is hung!" The man sat dow[illegible] and trembling, with his hands clasped [illegible] his eyes, as though he would shut o[illegible] sights he had seen.

"My friends," spoke Allan Deane, his nerves all still, but his bright eyes burning, "let us go to our homes and eat our morning's meal; and while we eat let us pray that we may be instruments in the hand of God for punishing these wicked men."

"Mr. Deane is right," said Harry. "Each man will take his arms, and be ready at an instant's warning. I shall send out scouts, and word will be brought of the approach of the guerrillas. The report of a pistol will bring us together again at this place. Those men who have come with Mark will remain here, and Mr. Piper will provide refreshment for them. Those who live upon the outskirts of the settlement had better also remain."

Thus the matter was arranged, and in the mean time Mark Winter was asked to superintend the sending out of the scouts, an office which he gladly undertook. He selected three of his best men, and went with them upon the road towards Millbrook; and at the distance of half a mile they arranged their signals, and then separated.

The man who had come in from the intercepted train, and who gave his name as John Billings, went with Mr. Nelson; and on the way he gave further particulars of the cruelty and brutality of the guerrillas. It was a terrible recital, and Harry Marshall, as he listened, groaned in spirit under the burden of the thought that the son of his father was with the demon crew.

Nora Deane, when she met her lover, knew that there was trouble in the settlement, and she asked him what it was. He had no thought of deceiving her. He knew her courage, and he told her just what he expected would happen. Instead of seeking to hide the real ferocity and wickedness of the guerrillas, he gave her a plain account of what they had done, and also gave his idea of what they would like to do at Bayville.

Nora did certainly tremble, and more than once her lips grew pale; but the burning of her dark, lustrous eye, and the clenching of her delicately formed hands, showed that she was moved by no coward fear; and when she was informed that there were good Union men enough in the place to successfully resist the attack, she folded her hands, and prayed that her friends might have strength to sustain the right, and to overcome the wrong. She spoke not one word which could add to Harry's anxiety, but sought rather to cheer him in the path that lay before him.

Breakfast was quickly eaten, and the first thing thereafter was to make some provision for the safety of the women and children. Mr. Deane and Harry went out and looked over the ground, and after due deliberation it was decided that the loved ones would be as safe where they were, as in any other place within the limits of the settlement. When this announcemet was made to the women, Mrs. Nelsen showed signs of fear, as did Mrs. Deane; but the old clergyman assured them that all had been arranged for the best.

"For," added Hary Marshall, "we have so planned for the coming trial that those who need our protection will be safest not to be too far away from us. It is settled that you shall remain here."

Nora took it upon herself to reconcile her mother and Mrs. Nelson to the arrangement, thus relieving those who had more weighty matters to attend to.

Between the dwelling of Mr. Nelson and the woods to the north were three houses—small huts belonging to a poor man—the last one of which was distant nearly half a mile. The second cot belonged to a man who cultivated several acres of land, and who had fenced in a large garden with a well-built stone wall. This man was Jabez Barnum, from the northern part of New York, and he had a wife and three children. Close by this place Harry had planned to make his stand; so Barnum's family were sent back to Mr. Nelson's, together with a woman and child from the cot still further to the north.

It will be remembered that the road from Bayville to Millbrook, at the distance of a mile from the settlement, was flanked by a high hill upon the left, and a deep, tangled wood upon the right, so that the enemy, if they came directly from the plantation, must come up that narrow pass. A few rods beyond the dwelling of Jabez Barnum there was quite a descent—a good smart hill—up which no man would wish to trot his horse with a load. This hill descended towards the wood, the road running directly down its side, cutting the line of its base at a right angle. Barnum's garden extended to the brow of this hill, so that the stone wall formed a parapet upon the very place where it was needed. This wall extended upon the line of the road to the top of the hill, and thence it turned away to the left at an obtuse angle, following the crest as far as it went. A person standing at the angle of the wall, facing directly outward, looked down the hill, and had the line of road to the wood, for the distance of half a mile, directly before him. If the enemy came that way, this was the place for the meeting.

When Harry returned, he found the settlers already assembling at the store, and in less than fifteen minutes after he arrived every man was on hand. They had not waited for the signal. They had no heart for other work, and could turn their thoughts upon no other subject.

The minutes passed on, and the waiting men began to grow uneasy. Harry tried to assure them; and to keep them busy he formed them into a company before the store, and drilled them in the manual of arms. But their season of waiting was not to last much longer. At half-past eight Mark Winter came galloping up the road at top speed. The enemy were coming in full force. He had seen them with his own eyes, and had been able to make out over fifty of them. He was sure there were not more than sixty. They were well armed, and part of them were mounted, and part on foot.

"They're takin' it easy," said the trapper, "jes' as though they kalkilated to do the job without much trouble."

"We'll see how much trouble we'll give 'em," muttered Ben Gordon, throwing his rifle upon his shoulder, and adjusting the pistols in his belt. "I've heerd o' such a thing as double trouble up in Varmount, an' I reckon we'll give these ere cusses a taste of it."

"Exactly," cried Harry Marshall, drawing his sword, and placing himself at the head of his company. "Forward, now, and follow me."

They started upon the run, and were soon at the brow of Barnum's hill, where their leader stationed them behind the wall in such a position that every rifle could be brought to bear effectively upon the road. And then Harry looked along the line to see how the men bore themselves. There were some pale lips, and a few trembling hands; but there were no coward signs—not one. When they were all quiet Allan Deane spoke to them words of hope and promise, and pointed them to the Just God as the source of strength.

Presently the last man of Mark's scouting party came galloping in, with the report that the guerrillas were close by the edge of the wood. He had heard their howlings, and they were thirsting for Union blood.

"And," he said, as he slipped from his saddle, "let me tell ye one thing for sartin': If them butcherin' wolves overcome us, then God have mercy on yer women an' children!"

"Enough," pronounced Harry Marshall. "Hurry away with your horse—ride him under Barnum's shed; and then come and help us. Our women and children are safe!"

The answer to this was a firmer clutching of the rifles, and a compressing to stillness of those few lips that had been quivering.

CHAPTER XIV.
AN EMPTY CHAMBER!

Harry sought Mark Winter's side, as soon as his men were quiet after the remark of the old clergyman.

"Mark," said he, "you saw the guerrillas?"

"Sartin, I did."

"Did you see my brother with them?"

"No."

"If he had been with them should you have discovered him?"

"I don't see how I could 'a helped it. I counted 'em all over, an' I know 'at Christopher wasn't thar. Tom Burder leads 'em."

"O, I hope it is so."

"You may depend upon't, Master Harry," declared Mark, when he saw how anxious his leader was upon that point. "Yer brother isn't thar. He's bad enough to be anywhar; but I know he aint in that yer gang."

"He is bad enough, I verily believe," returned Harry; "but I would not come in contact with him if it can be avoided."

"Well, ye won't see him wi' that yer crew. Ef he is a comin' at all, he is either behind the rest, or else he's took some other road."

At that time the significance of these last words was not apparent to Harry Marshall. In fact, he had no time to think of them, for hardly had they been spoken when horsemen were seen emerging from the wood.

"Down!—down out of sight," commanded Harry. "Don't grasp your rifles too tightly,—you'll set your hands a trembling. Hold your pieces easily, and keep cool. It's time enough to put forth your strength when it is needed."

Through the crevices in the wall the men could see the foe as they filed out from the wood. First there came a score of horsemen, at an easy walk, and then a score of men on foot, and following these came a dozen more mounted. At the foot of the hill the troop stopped for consultation; and the voice of Tom Burder could be distinctly heard as he gave orders for the forward movement. "Hark ye," came his speech, gliding up the slope upon the still air plainly and distinctly; "ther's to be no *quarters for the Yankee leaders! You know 'em. Mark every one of 'em! That cantin' old priest; an' that young cuss o' Millbrook*—the wust Yankee on 'em all,—an' Mark Winter, you know 'em!"

Then up the hill they started, those upon horse-back in front, and the others following close behind. Their words were spoken in low tones, but their meaning was harsh and wicked enough. They came on up the hill, slowly and leisurely, little dreaming of the reception that awaited them.

Harry had divided his company into two platoons, and they were to fire only as he directed. Into the first platoon he put men who had breech-loading rifles, and who were pretty sure of their mark at a long range.

"My men," he said, as the guerrillas began to show the color of their faces, "we have no doubts to trouble us. We know that those villains are thirsting for our blood. We know that they are enemies to God, to our Country, and to ourselves. We know if we do not overcome them, that we are to die, and that our loved ones may meet a worse fate. Let these thoughts give steadiness to your nerves, and strength to your hearts.—Ready!—When you fire, fire from the right, and count off your man;—don't waste the precious moments. Attention, the first platoon!"

The guerrillas were now not quite two hundred yards distant, and were coming in sections of from ten to fifteen horsemen abreast.

"Hi!" spoke Mark Winter, loud enough to be heard by the first ptatoon, "don't none on ye waste yer bullets on Tom Burder. He's my meat!"

The voices of the rebels grew more and more distinct, and they laughed and joked in coarse and ribald jest about the booty that lay before them. One man was heard to exclaim that he wanted a pull at old Piper's whisky barrels. Another declared that Hugh Piper had a richer prize in his house. "Two on 'em!" broke in a third. "He's got two o' the handsomest gals in Missouri!"

Harry heard these words; and the others heard them; and he felt that the moment had come.

"Fire!"

Two-and-twenty men rose to their knees, and rested their rifles over the wall. Mark Winter was in the rear, upon his feet, with his rifle supported only at arms' end. There was a crack upon the air—then another—and another—then three or four—then more of them, following like flashes of thought,—for each man took aim before he fired,—until three-and-twenty shots had sped down the hill. Mark Winter had fired first, and Tom Burder was the first rebel to bite the dust. Twelve saddles were emptied instantly, and twelve horses were turned riderless to trouble those in the rear.

The smoke was but a few moments in lifting so that the forms on the hill-side were visible, and then Harry gave orders for the second platoon to fire. The guerrillas, shocked to a halt by the first discharge, had just started up the hill again, when the second volley was poured down upon them, more deadly than the first. The first platoon, with breech-loaders, were ready for another discharge, and they let drive as fast as they could see marks to fire at. The fumes of the sulphurous smoke filling the air, and the curses and shrieks of the wounded and dying bushwhackers, gave a terrible force to the scene; but there was no time to wait for developments. Allan Deane touched Harry upon the arm.

"Not one of those rebels must enter the town!"

Our hero understood the hint, and he acted upon it. He gave order for those who had bayonets to fix them instantly; and then he shouted for the charge! He was himself the first to leap the wall into the road; but his companions were not far behind him. As he dashed down the hill Mark Winter was upon his right hand, and Allan Deane upon his left, while close behind him came the full company, sweeping down in double ranks, the bright bayonets gleaming and flashing in the sunlight.

The guerrillas were in trouble. More than a score of saddles had been emptied, and the few who retained their seats were apparently endeavoring to rally those of their companions on foot. One powerful fellow, with a cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other, was ready to head a charge up the hill; and he had just got his men in position for that purpose when the Union force was discovered coming down upon them.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted this new rebel leader.

Some twenty rifles were discharged; but the guerrillas had not recovered from their surprise, and most of their bullets flew over the heads of the descending force. One man—a youth who worked with Ben Gordon at the forge—fell, shot through the head; and two more were wounded.

"Make way there!" shouted a stentorian voice. "I claim the first blow!"

And Ben Gordon, with his sabre-bayonet borne aloft, dashed past his leader, and with a few bounds was up with the rebel chieftain.

"This for poor Jack!" he utttered, as he thrust his keen blade forward. He had come like a thunder-bolt; his blow was delivered with all his energy; and mortal power could not turn it away. The stalwart rebel fell, taking with him in his fall the blade of Gordon's bayonet, broken from its shank, and fixed in his bosom.

The guerrillas could not withstand the shock of that charge. As the Union men came down upon them, with bayonets surely pointed, they fired a few pistol shots, and then turned and fled. Those upon horse-back succeeded in getting away; but those upon foot were in a tight place. If they kept on they would be sure to be shot down, for their pursuers were determined; so they turned and threw down their arms, and cried for quarter. There were sixteen of them, and when they had been secured, and placed under guard, Harry Marshall looked over the field of battle. It was, for that usually quiet place, a terrible scene. Twenty-two of the rebels had been killed outright; and of all the living only three had been so badly wounded that they could not walk. Mark Winter's men had done fearful execution. Their bullets had sped straight to their marks; each had selected his man, and attended solely to his own work. Of the sixteen prisoners who had surrendered a few were slightly wounded, but their needs were easily attended to. The three who had been picked up entirely disabled were placed upon litters formed of the branches of trees, and conveyed thus up the hill. One of the prisoners stated that their whole force had consisted of fifty-one men; so it appeared that only ten had escaped.

Upon the Union side there had been but one man killed, and of the few wounds none were dangerous. The victory had been complete; and though the death of Jack Hartley cast a shadow over the event, yet there was ample occasion for rejoicing.

Among the prisoners was a man whom Harry recognized as the son of a poor widow who had formerly lived upon his father's estate. This son had gone upon the river, fallen into bad company, and become a bushwhacker. Still he did not look like a man entirely given up to evil. Harry separated him from his companions, as they started to move up the hill, and intimated to him that he would like to ask a few questions. The fellow, who answered to the name of Sol. Apthorp, seemed ready and glad enough to comply, probably hoping that he might thereby soften the rigor of his imprisonment, if nothing more.

"You came from Millbrook this morning?" said Harry.

"Yes, sir," answered Apthorp.

"It was the plan of your people to cut off every Union man they found?"

"I don't know, sir. In fact, I cant say. I—I——"

"Never mind," interposed Harry, as the fellow began to stumble. "I won't ask you to criminate yourself. I wish to question you upon another subject. You saw Christopher Marshall at Millbrook this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"He went with you upon your expedition last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did he not come with you here?"

"I don't know, sir, unless it be that he had business another way."

"Did he go another way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which way?"

"Down the brook."

"By the road?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he go alone?"

"No. He took six men with him."

"Do you know what his business was?"

"No, sir,—I haven't the least idea. All I know is, he saw our party ready to start under Tom Burder, and then he set off. He told Burder he'd meet him somewhere; but where it was I didn't understand."

"Perhaps," said Harry, speaking half to himself, "he has gone to the old Parsonage."

"I shouldn't wonder, sir. I think I heard him say something about the Parsonage."

"He thinks Mr. Deane is still there, and that his family is with him."

"Very likely, sir."

They had now reached the top of the hill, and Harry moved forward to look after the direction of his men. He led the company directly to the store, where the wounded were provided for, and where the prisoners were quartered in a close shed, with a sufficient guard over them.

Mark Winter was anxious to mount his men and pursue the rascals who had escaped; but Harry thought differently. He had his own reasons for not wishing to go immediately to Millbrook.

"I may want you in another direction," he said. "My brother is out somewhere, and may need looking after. For the present you will hold your men in readiness, and keep an eye out for stragglers."

Mark readily acquiesced, and promised to be ready for any orders that might come.

"Now," said our hero, addressing Mr. Deane, "let us go to the house and see how our friends are holding themselves. I am anxious to let them know of our success."

"Aye," returned the clergyman, "my poor wife must be very uneasy."

"And," added Harry, "there may be others uneasy, too."

"Yes,—uneasy for you, my boy. I do really believe that poor Nora would die if mortal harm should come to you. She is a bold, brave girl, whom danger cannot paralyze; but her heart might not be proof against a shock like that."

Harry was grateful for these words, though he did not say so. The thought of Nora's uneasiness caused him to quicken his step, and ere long they reached the attorney's house. Mrs. Nelson was in the hall to receive them, and Mrs. Deane quickly came out from the room where she had been sitting.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of Mary Deane, "you are safe!" And she fell upon the bosom of her husband and sobbed hysterically. "O! I thought they would kill you; but they did not—they did not, did they?"

"No, my wife; we are all safe, as you can see; and we have entirely overcome the enemy. Where is Nora?"

Mrs. Deane, gaining strength from her husband's assurance, arose and looked around.

"I think Nora must be up in her chamber," she said.

"Has she not been with you?"

"No. I guess she went up to the upper windows to see if she could overlook any of the movements of our friends."

"But she must know that we have come," said Harry.

Mrs. Nelson volunteered to send a servant after the missing one. A few minutes elapsed, and the messenger came back with intelligence that Miss Nora was not up stairs.

"She may be in the garden," said Harry. There had been a painful doubt, but he put it away. She might be in the garden, waiting to meet him there. In the porch he met a servant girl, of whom he inquired if she had seen Miss Nora pass that way.

"Yes, mas'r," was the prompt reply. "I guess she's gone out into de gard'n."

Harry hastened out. He went up and down the walks; through the grove; around by the fence; but he saw nothing of Nora. He went back to the house, and they searched in every room, and called her name through every passage; but they found her not. The girl who had seen her go out into the garden was further questioned. She said Miss Nora had gone out more than half an hour before, and she had seen nothing of her since. Mrs. Nelson had supposed that Nora was with her mother; so she had not been watchful of her. Mrs. Deane had been so entirely occupied with her own fears that she had not thought of her child.

Once more they searched. The women went all over the house, while the men roamed out of doors. Mark Winter came, with some of his companions, and the highways and byways were scoured. An hour was thus spent, and yet nothing was found of the missing maiden.

Harry Marshall and Allan Deane were down by the river, west of the settlement, where Mr. Nelson's land came to a sharp corner between the river and the road. There was a hedge here, and upon the roadside were the prints of horses' feet. Harry, as he examined the tracks, following them up to the hedge, discovered a bit of black velvet ribbon. It was in a bow, and had a silver button in the centre. As he picked it up he recognized it. He remembered that Nora had worn it upon her bosom that very morning. He held it in his hand, trembling at every joint, when Mr. Deane came up.

"This was Nora's."

"Yes," answered the old man, taking the simple ornament.

"Then she has been here. And these footprints are fresh. O, my God!"

Allan Deane clutched his hands upon the ribbon, and gasped for breath.

"What is it?" he asked, in a whisper.

"God forbid that it should be so!"

"How!"

"Thus," said Harry: "Christopher did not come with the gang that were to sack the village. He took six companions, and went down another way—down to the mouth of the brook, and then——"

"Up this way!" suggested Mr. Deane, as the young man hesitated.

"Yes.—It may be so."

They returned to the house, and were met upon the stoop by Media, who asked if Nora had been found.

"No," said Harry, shaking his head. And then he showed her what they had found.

"Where is Christopher Marshall?" asked the quadroon.

But Harry did not stop to answer her. He called for his horse, and directed Mark Winter to select twelve of his followers who were the best mounted.

"I must go," said Allan Deane, who appeared at that moment upon the stoop.

"There is no need of it," returned Harry.

But the old man was not to be put off. He could not rest easy where he was. Until he found his beloved child he could take no rest. His horse was brought, and he sprang into the saddle with an energy that would have done credit to an accomplished cavalryman.

"Away!" cried our hero, with a wave of the hand to those who were to follow. "I ride now for something dearer than life!"

And the others were as eager as he. Allan Deane plunged on by his side, and Mark Winter, with his troop, dashed on after them, ready to close up at any moment.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE DARK DELL.

Nora Deane sat at the window of her chamber, and saw her lover march down towards the dwelling of Mr. Barnum. She knew that he would meet the guerrillas, and she knew that he would not flee from danger. She sat there until the company had disappeared, and when she could see them no more she went down and joined her mother. The good woman was in sore distress, and did not wish to be comforted. She had no complaints to make—she found no fault with the fate which had laid its guiding hand upon her loved ones; but she mourned in sorrow, and trembled with fear. It was not the place for Nora at that time. She kissed her mother, and asked her to be hopeful, and then went out of doors. Had her father and Harry been alone in the adventure she would have joined them; but as it was she could not think of going there. Impulsively she clasped her hands, and wished that she were a man.

"O! to be forced back thus! To be thus inactive while those I love are venturing their lives in a sacred cause! Would that I could strike such blows as my father can strike. But I can pray for them, if I can do no more."

She prayed earnestly and fervently for the safety of her friends, and for the success of the cause in which they were engaged; and when the prayer had been wafted upward from her lips, she moved towards the garden, and was soon in the gravelled walk by the oak grove. She was thinking of Harry Marshall, and of the situation of affairs at Millbrook, and the probable villainy of Christopher, and of the disposition of Christopher's mother; and anon her thoughts wandered off to those four beloved brothers who were serving their country in the field. Where were they now? They had had fighting to do, and she knew that they would never escape danger by shrinking from it. Thus were her thoughts running when she was startled by the crackling of a stick near by. She stopped and looked around, and was not a little surprised to find that she had reached the lower corner of Mr. Nelson's enclosure. The river was close upon her left hand, and upon her right was a hedge, beyond which was the road. As she turned and looked back she found that she had come down over a gentle swell of land, and that the house was far out of sight. What was the noise she had heard? It seemed to come from the direction of the hedge. Perhaps a bird; perhaps a sheep, or a lamb. However, she concluded that she had better return to the dwelling; and at the same time she acknowledged to herself that she had been careless in walking so far. She was still listening, but she heard no further sound. She became uneasy—not so much in consequence of the noise she had heard as from the dead silence which succeeded. She had turned, and was starting to walk back, when she heard a rustling in the hedge; and before she could quicken her step to any purpose, a man was by her side, and a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"Hallo, gal!"

She looked up, and beheld a dark, bearded face, which glared upon her with an ugly scowl.

"Don't be 'n a hurry, miss."

"What do you want with me, sir?" she asked, trying to appear as though she was not afraid.

"I want ye to come over into the road a bit. Come—I'll give ye a lift."

"But I do not wish to go over into the road, sir. I must go home."

"Ef yer legs are weak, me leddy, I'll carry ye; so don't borrer no trouble. Easy, now. Them's 'um."

As the fellow thus spoke he seized Nora by the waist, and lifted her from the ground as though she had been a mere child. She struggled to free herself; she caught the ruffian by the hair and by the beard; and she cried out for help; but all to no purpose. He bore her to the hedge upon the run, and very soon landed her in the road, where she found half a dozen more men. She was upon the point of begging for mercy of those who stood around when she discovered the face of Christopher Marshall.

"Nora," he said, as soon as he saw that he was recognized, "I have come to carry you off with me. Do you understand that?"

"Sir," she replied, growing momentarily strong with indignation, "you know not what you do. You dare not lay violent hands upon me."

"No, no, my beauty. *Dare not*, eh? We shall see."

Upon that he turned to his followers and ordered them to bring the girl along. The stout men seized her, and bore her on after their leader. She cried out once for help, and then a foul hand was pressed upon her mouth. Away down the declivity they hurried, to a point where a copse of beechwood flanked the road, and where horses were standing. Without further explanation, and without paying heed to her entreaties, Nora was lifted to a seat in front of a stout man, and her hands bound behind her with a sword-belt.

Christopher Marshall had seen these things done, and had just taken his seat in his saddle, when the air was broken by the report of distant musketry. The echoes were still reverberating when another volley followed.

"So much for the dogs of Bayville!" he muttered. "If we do not hurry, Tom will reach Millbrook with his booty before us."

Away he dashed, plunging the spurs into his horse's flanks, and away dashed the stout villain, with the fair prisoner, behind him, the remainder of the party bringing up the rear. Down the river to the mouth of the brook—then a sharp turn to the right—up by the old bridge, with the Parsonage in sight—and so on, at tip-top speed, until they drew up in the broad court of Millbrook. Nora, almost senseless from the speed at which she had ridden, and pained by the uncomfortable position she had been forced to retain, was carried into the house by the ruffian who had brought her, and handed over to a strange servant by whom she was conducted up to a close chamber. When she was left alone she sank down upon a chair, and recalled the events which had brought her to her [illegible] position. They had passed so rapidly that [illegible] failed to appreciate them as they trans[illegible] now with her thoughts free, [illegible] the position.

And what was the position to which she had thus been brought? She saw it very plainly. It needed no spirit presence, with supernatural powers of revealment, to open to her understanding the whole story. She arose and lifted her hands above her head.

"I may live; and I may die!" she said, speaking slowly and devoutly. "If I live, I shall escape this man's power; if I escape not, then I shall die!"

Then she folded her hands upon her bosom, and sat down again, this time resting her head upon the edge of a bureau that stood by her side.

In the meantime Christopher Marshall, having seen his horse properly cared for, started to seek his mother. He had just crossed the hall, and was about to ascend the stairs, when the clatter of horses' feet in the road attracted his attention. Could it be possible that his company had returned from Bayville? He hastened out into the court, and saw three horsemen just turning up from the road; and behind them he saw more coming—three more—and soon two more—and then another—and another—ten in all. The man who rode in advance of the others was the ministerial loooking man from the gaming-hells of St. Louis.

Christopher stepped down from the piazza as the fellow came up, wondering what could have happened. What was it?

"Humphreys, what in the world does this mean?"

The man did not answer in a hurry. He slipped from his saddle and waited until two of his companions had come up.

"Why in the name of mercy don't you speak! What is it you have to tell? Why do you come back in such shape? Good heavens, one might think you were fleeing from some danger."

"Egad, my master, you've hit it exactly," said Humphreys, with a snap of the fingers. "We've been to Bayville, and we found that brother o' yourn holdin' too many trumps for us. Lord bless ye, he held two pair o' kings and an ace. Ye see, there weren't aces enough in the pack to beat that."

"Don't fool, Humphreps. Where is Burder?"

"D'ye know where Jabez Barnum lives?"

"Yes."

"Well,—we started up that hill in fine style, talkin' big about the booty we intended to take; but afore we got quite half way up we stopped. That old stone-wall on the brow of the hill was ablaze in a second, and a shower o' bullets came down out of it. Tom Burder was the first man that fell, and more than a dozen dropped dead by his side. We started again, and down came another shower. In short, boss, there was full a hundred men behind that wall, and after they'd fired to their hearts' content, they leaped into the road, and charged down upon us. We gave 'em a volley as they came, but it didn't stop 'em. I saw your brother Harry, and that old minister, and Mark Winter, and Ben Gordon. Good Lord, there was no standin' afore such a force. They'd shot more'n half our number, and them poor cusses as hadn't horses got gobbled up. We saw just how the thing was comin' out and we concluded the best thing we could do for ourselves and for you, was, to slip back to Millbrook; and we did so. There are ten of us here; and the rest are either dead or prisoners."

Christopher began to swear at the man who had told him the story.

"Hold on," cried Humphreys. "Don't waste your breath in that fashion. I've simply told ye the truth. What could we do? I tell ye, there was a big crowd on 'em, all armed and equipped and fortified, ready to receive us. They took us entirely by surprise."

A new idea came to Christopher Marshall. He swore again, but not at the man before him.

"Those people must have been informed of our plans," he said.

"Of course thep must."

"And who could have gone over with the information? Have our guard suffered any of the niggers to escape?"

Before any answer could be made to this query Mrs. Marshall came out from the house. She wished to speak with her son.

"You must speak in a hurry," said Christopher, "for just at this moment I am in a state of calamitous trouble."

"You are not alone in your trouble, my son," added the widow, as he followed her into the hall. "I am in trouble, too. That quadroon has escaped."

"Media?"

"Yes."

"I thought you had a ead sure thing on her."

"How so?"

"Why—I thought you meant to poison her."

"What!" cried Rachel Marshall, with a start.

"Pooh! Don't go to making strange of it, mother. I've seen two-legged rats before today. I understand something as well as others. I know that a woman's jealousy isn't easily quenched. But say—how did this wench escape, and when?"

"She went off some time in the night," replied Mrs. Marshall, seeming to think it no longer worth her while to argue the poisoning question. "She has gone; and she must be found. O, I tell you, Christopher, that woman must not run at large."

Christopher might have been anxious to know why his mother trembled so, and why she was so troubled by the quadroon's presence in that community; but at that moment his thoughts were turned in another direction.

"By the Gods!" he cried, "I see the whole mischief now.—This accursed Media has done it all. She has been to Bayville with the warning. She is the spy. O, I would like to put my hands upon her. By the eternal heavens, you would need no more poison!"

"Can you not get her?" asked Rachel Marshall, grasping her son's arm, and looking eagerly into his face. "O, if you could only put her out of the way! It would be for your benefit as well as mine. You don't know what a dangerous person she is."

"Don't I!" cried Christopher, twisting his hands together. "Perhaps I don't know how she has come down upon me now. But I've got something else to think of just at this moment. I'll look out for myself, and the prize I've got; and after that I may find time for Media."

Mrs. Marshall did not understand her son's meaning; so, in as few words as possible, he told her what had transpired, as he had learned it from Humphreys.

"But, my mother," he added, as he saw her tremble, "you have nothing to fear. I shall take my prize and find another place for it very quickly. Master Harry, with his victorious troop, will very soon be here; but if he finds none of his enemies here you may be sure he will not stop to trouble you. When he misses Nora Deane he will start like a shot; but he will be smart if he finds me. Rest you perfectly easy,—I will see you again ere long. And, my mother, let me whisper a word in your ear: I have more friends in this section than my brother dreams of. He may run his neck into a noose if he follows me too recklessly."

"But—Christopher—you will find Media.—You will kill her. You will not let her live."

"Pooh! Let Media be for the present. If I ever come across her, be sure I'll settle with her. And now, you must look out for things here for a few days. I shall leave a sufficient guard to look out for the slaves. Keep your eyes open, and see that the black rascals don't get the upper hands. When I come back we'll sell off every one of them. I have a customer for the lot."

Christopher went back into the yard, where he had left Humphreys and his followers, and ordered them to be prepared to set out with him at once. Then he ordered a fresh horse, and called for those men who had come in with him. Thus he had a troop of sixteen men; and one of the number suggested the idea of making a stand in the house against the Union forces; but Christopher was not to be urged into any such trap. He fancied that he had a plan worth a great deal more than that.

The horses were ready, and the troop was in column.

Nora Deane was sitting by the bureau, with her hands folded, and her eyes closed, when the door of the chamber was opened, and some one entered. She expected to see the woman who had brought her up; but it was not so. As she looked up, she beheld the stout, dark-faced man who had carried her upon his saddle-bow.

"Come, Miss, you've got to be movin' agin; so hurry up yer traps."

The poor girl started up in terror. What did the man mean? Where was she going?

He knew nothing about it. He only knew that she must go.

"You ken put on yer duds ef ye want to, Miss; but I sha'n't wait for ye. Come, I'll carry ye down ef ye say so."

There was no mistaking the man's meaning; and Nora, as soon as she could fairly collect her energies, prepared to follow him. She knew, if she would escape, that it could not be by force. When she reached the piazza she saw Christopher Marshall not far away in his saddle; but he did not speak with her. The powerful ruffian by her side took her in his arms, and placed her once more upon his horse, and then took his seat behind her. Her position was not so uncomfortable as before, for she offered no resistance, and her guard allowed her to sit upright.

At a word from Christopher the troop dashed away into the road—over the bridge—up by the great mill—then off to the northward—through a deep wood—fording a sluggish stream—away for many miles,—and when they pulled up it was before a log hut, situated in a deep ravine—a dark, solitary place. This had been Tom Burder's hut, but it was tenantless now. Nora was taken down from her seat, and led into the cheerless abode, Christopher Marshall alone bearing her company over the threshold.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"DIDN'T TAKE THE PAPERS."

Some years since, not fifty miles from Boston, lived an industrious old lady, who, rising early one Sunday morning, gathered her dirty clothes together, and went hard to work, washing; which she continued, until a neighbor of hers, missing her from her church, called at the house to know what extraordinary accident had prevented her attendance as usual; both the old ladies were surprised—the one at seeing her neighbor dressed in her best clothes, and the other infinitely more so at seeing her old friend at the wash-tub. After an explanation had taken place, the old lady who had so ignorantly sinned requested the other to sit down, and as she, by her sad mistake, had not been to church herself, to inform her what was the subject the parson was preaching on—"He was preaching," said she, "on the death and sufferings of our Saviour." "What!" said the other, "is he dead—well, my husband don't take the papers, and half Boston might be burnt down, and I know nothing about the matter."

LETTICE WYNNE'S TRIAL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"*You'll* never die an old maid, my pretty lady!"

"But there's trouble coming on you, my pretty!" pursued the old dame, bending her wrinkled face until it nearly touched the velvet-white hand. "A dark, dark trouble,—and it's not far off, neither—it's written as plain as if—"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Lettice, drawing away her hand with a slight shudder. "I don't want to hear any more of my fortune told—it's getting too absurd. Send her away, Mr. Vail—it makes me nervous!"

She tossed back the lovely shower of glossy golden curls, as if relieved to be rid of the matter, while Dudley Vail dismissed the scarlet-cloaked beldame with a gratuity that sent her rejoicing down the steep, romantic path that led to the beach below.

Vail threw himself lightly on the grass at the young beauty's feet, while Ralph Seymour leaned with folded arms and dark, contracted brow against the gnarled trunk of a gigantic old oak. All day long he had been the sport of Lettice Wynne's coquettish humor and contradictory fancies, and now, heartsick and angry he saw those smiles lavished on his rival, for one beam of which he would have given his own right hand.

"My scarf?" said Lettice, suddenly looking around. "O! there it hangs, just where those vines droop over the cliff. Pray, don't trouble yourself, Mr. Vail—Ralph will get it for me!"

Both gentlemen sprang at the instant. Mercy Greig looked at Lettice with eyes of grave reproach.

"Lettice! how can you torment those poor fellows so cruelly—you are a heartless coquette! It would serve you right to die an old maid."

"Didn't you hear what my shriveled old prophetess foretold, that no such awful fate was in store for me?"

"Hush!" ejaculated Mercy, holding up her finger in a listening attitude.

For Ralph Seymour, light and agile as a wild deer, had stooped over the dizzy cliff and disengaged the scarf from the bushes where it had been lodged by the September winds, and stood looking scornfully triumphant at Vail, whose brow was purple with suppressed anger.

"Give that scarf to me!" he said in hoarse, stifled accents. "No hand but mine shall restore it to Lettice."

"We'll see about that," was the calm, contemptuous reply.

Vail sprang forward to wrest the light trophy from the other's hand; at the same instant Seymour stepped back a pace. There was a crash, a rustle of tearing vines; the treacherous cliff gave way beneath the unwonted weight; and Seymour fell, still grasping the frail, fluttering scarf—fell, down that dizzy height, with the hungry sea yawing underneath.

Vail clasped his hands over his eyes with a faint cry, as if to shut out the sick horror of his rival's white, set face, and Lettice, uttering a wild shriek that rang through the woods with awful distinctness, fell fainting to the ground.

"I have killed him! I have killed him—and I would have given my own life for his."

Sometimes a single moment of the soul's agony turns a current of being from its warbling flow of sunshine to silence and darkness, lurking beneath life's saddest shades—so it was with Lettice Wynne.

"You are determined not to marry Mr. Gardiner, Lettice? Child, you'll certainly be an old maid!"

"Hush, Mercy! There was but one man whom I could ever have called husband, and *he* is gone where there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage."

"But, Lettice, *that* happened so long ago—ten years this September, and——"

She felt Lettice's forehead grow cold as marble against her cheek; she felt the chill dew on the trembling hand that was laid upon her lips.

"Don't, Mercy! I cannot, *cannot* bear it."

And Mercy crept away, awed and silent at the heart-break which she had no spell to soothe; while Lettice wept passionately on, into the stormy twilight and the starless night, with wailing winds sighing at the casement, and gusts of autumn rain sweeping wildly by. Yes, she had learned life's hardest lesson—to suffer and endure—and after a while she rose up quietly, drew the crimson curtain, and stirred the fire into a bright, cheery blaze that flickered softly over the rippling golden hair that had not yet lost its gloss, and the pale, lovely cheek, once touched with peachy bloom.

An old maid! Yes, she was indeed an old maid; she, who had been the belle and beauty of all the country around! Yet, was it not meet and fitting that she should drink to the bitter dregs the cup her hand had filled? What was love to her, but an empty name, since the cruel blue waves had swept Ralph Seymour's lifeless corpse away upon their sparkling ridges of foam?

"Yes sir, Miss Wynne is at home," said the cautious old servant. "Did you wish to see her?"

"Tell her," returned the slow, strangely modulated voice, "that I have come to bring her news of an old friend whom she has long believed dead; tell her——"

But at that moment Miss Wynne opened the door and motioned the stranger to enter.

Tall, dark and silent he stood before her in the uncertain firelight.

"You are Miss Wynne?"

"I am."

"I bring you tidings of him you fancied dead—of Ralph Seymour."

She grew deathly white, and grasped convulsively at the back of a chair.

"He is not dead; floating senseless upon the sea he was rescued by the boats of an outward bound vessel, and for years he has dwelt under the palm groves of the East. Do you ask why he did dot return? What had he to gain, to hope for? Faint rumors floating toward those orient shores reached him of the engagement—the probable marriage of the woman he had loved. Was it so?"

"False—false!" gasped Lettice, with one fluttering hand upon her heart.

He slightly inclined his head.

"You will return to him?" she asked wildly.

"Yes."

"Then tell him that Lettice Wynne cherished his dead memory with everlasting love; that she was true to him through good and evil. Tell him she *loved* him; that will be the truest word!"

The stranger paused; she could see the flash of his dark eye, even in that uncertain light.

"She loved him?" he echoed.

Lettice stood, white and silent—was it a dream?

"Lettice—*my* Lettice!"

Close, close against his strong, true heart—no more sick memories and rains of anguish tears—no more doubts and misunderstandings, and bitter trials. Ten years—ten sad, slow years—it seemed but a moment now in the glow of their exceeding great joy.

Lettice Wynne did not die an old maid, after all, although she richly deserved it. We don't always get our deserts in this world—and what a lucky thing that is for some of us.

MY HEART IS WITH ITS EARLY LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

My heart is with its early love,
It cannot turn away:
Though all its memories one by one
Do on my life's strings prey.
And even as the dew-nursed flower,
Which blooms within the night,
Will wither when the day-god sheds
On it his brilliant light;
So hopes which once I fondly nursed
Within my youthful breast,
Are buried in oblivion's tomb,
In an eternal rest.

My heart is with its early love,
And vainly woman's power
Shall seek to charm that heart anew
In some unguarded hour;
And even as the wounded deer
In loneliness would die,
So would I that my griefs be hid
From careless prying eye;
And in the silence of the night,
When all are wrapped in sleep,
I seek her grave, to watch the stars,
And dream of her—and weep.

My heart is with its early love,
I cannot now forget
The halo of my hallowed joys,
Which lingers round me yet;
And even as the summer's sun,
When sunk beyond the main,
Leaves power in the golden clouds,
His light to still retain;
So though my joys have been engulfed,
There still remains a power
To cause their light to guild the clouds
Of some unconscious hour.

My heart is with its early love,
Yet there are moments still,
When like a pulse within my soul,
I feel joy's transient thrill;
For never can I hear unmoved
The words of true love spoken,
The hand that rends a human heart,
May leave *one string* unbroken,
And that one string may music give,
To charm the stricken soul,
May be a check to hold its griefs
And sorrows in control.

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DETECTING A MURDERER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following story was related by a person who had served a number of years as a secret detective agent of the government.

"I was travelling through the interior of Kentucky, (said the narrator,) when, on stopping one day at the inn of a small village, I found the citizens of the place in great excitement over a strange murder which had just come to light. In a corn-field, about a half a mile from the village, and just off from a small by-road, a young girl, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, had been found dead and decaying, with such marks of violence upon her person as left no doubt that she had been dealt with in the most revolting and fiendish manner. What made the matter more strange and wonderful, was the fact that the deceased was entirely unknown to everybody in that region. She was quite respectably dressed, and though her face when discovered was somewhat black and a good deal swelled, yet there were such traces of lineament as led many who saw the corpse to believe she had been very handsome and attractive. There was nothing about her to give a clue to her identity or the place from which she came; but in the pocket of her dress was found a letter, without superscription; in her clenched hand was the button of a man's coat, with a small piece of cloth adhering to it, evidently torn out in her death-struggle with her murderer; and from the ground beside her was picked up a small key, appparently belonging to a portmanteau. These three articles were all that could be discovered calculated to give any clew to the mystery whatever; and when I state that the letter was without date or signature, and was mainly designed to bring about a meeting at the '*usual place*,' wherever that might be, it will readily be seen how slight was the chance of proving the identity of the deceased and detecting the assassin.

"The body of the murdered girl had been brought to the tavern immediately after its discovery, and at the time of my arrival, the coroner and his jury were in the act of holding an inquest, which, as might be supposed, simply resulted in a verdict of death from strangling and other violent means at the hands of some person or persons unknown.

"The mysterious affair, however, created an intense excitement throughout the place; and before night, the town authorities, assisted by liberal subscriptions on the part of several wealthy citizens, made the public offer of one thousand dollars' reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderers of the unknown girl.

"This case, so unusual and mysterious—so out of the usual range of even mysterious murders—particularly interested me; and making myself known to the proper officials, and showing them my authority as a secret agent of the government, I offered my services to investigate the matter, which were cordially accepted.

"One of my first acts was to visit the spot where the murder had been committed, to see if there were any traces of more than one person having been engaged in it, and also if possible to find what course he had taken on leaving the field. Fortunately no rain had fallen for the last week or ten days, and the foot-prints of both parties were visible from the place where they had got over the fence into the corn-field, which was distant some eight or ten rods from the scene of murder. At the latter spot there had been considerable of a struggle, as could easily be traced by unmistakable marks on the soft ground, notwithstanding several other persons had been there since, including the merely curious as well as those who had removed the body. One thing, however, was certain. Only two persons had walked to this spot along the trail leading from the fence, as already mentioned; and as the foot-prints of one of these were clearly those of the deceased, it followed as a matter of course that the parallel steps were those of her assassin.

"I now felt the importance of examining the foot-prints of the murderer, carefully and minutely, in order to form some idea of the man himself; for that the companion of the girl was a man, was clearly proved by the button in her dead grasp, and by other evidences of a nature that I need not name. It was the fashion at that time for gentlemen, especially in the principal cities, to have boots with high heels, small at the top, protected against wear by an iron rim on the outer edge, and the prints of just such a heel were there. This fact, taken in connection with the fine texture of black cloth which had been detached with the button, satisfied me that the assassin was from some large town or city, and was well and perhaps fashionably dressed. I measured the length of the feet, and, granting him well-proportioned, this indicated a stature of about five feet, eight inches; and from the width of the foot, and indentation made in walking, I judged his weight not far from one hundred and thirty pounds. The chirography of the note denoted a hand accustomed to the pen in a commercial or business way, with a certain individual nervousness, which showed in some degree the temperament of the writer; while the portmanteau key, which was old and worn, I fancied bespoke a man who spent a portion of his time in travelling.

"In cases of mere conjecture, I have often been correctly guided by a remarkable power of intuition, answering to the instinct of the animal, but which I cannot explain or account for on any known hypothesis; and bringing this peculiar faculty to bear upon the subject that now occupied my attention, I summed up in this wise: that the murderer was about five feet, eight inches in hight, of medium proportions, good figure, fashionably dressed, of pleasing manners, with a dark complexion, a keen, scrutenizing countenance, and a dark, restless eye. Of course this was all, or nearly all, conjecture; but such was the picture that fancy drew—such the figure that presented itself before my mind's eye.

"Next in order was to divine if possible from whence he had come and whither he had gone. It was not at all likely that the two had come hither on foot; if not, a vehicle of some kind had most probably been used; and that, if not procured in this region, had undoubtedly stopped somewhere within a few miles, (besides the halt near the fence where the field had been entered,) and might perhaps be readily traced. As the foot-prints showed that the murderer had recrossed the fence at the point nearest his deed of crime, I looked in the by-road for some evidence of a vehicle having been in waiting there, and found such traces as satisfied me that the latter had been there, that the horse had been tied to a tree in the vicinity, and that it had come from the south and gone to the north.

"With this supposed clew to the first direction taken by the villain after the murder, I went back to the village and made my preparations to follow him.

"I do not propose to enter into a detail of all I said and did. Let it suffice, that, a little after dark, I had reached a village six miles north of the one where the inquest had been held, and where there was a railway station. I put up at the principal inn of the place, and made my first inquiries of the landlord. Had any stranger, traveling in a buggy or other vehicle, stopped with him within the last week or so? Certainly, several had. Had his attention been drawn to any one of them by any suspicious appearance or circumstance? He could not say that he remembered anything out of the usual way of travelers, all of whom, of course, had some peculiarities.

"'But why do you ask?' he inquired.

"'I am an officer, in pursuit of a murderer,' I replied; and I went on to tell him all about the horrible affair, adding my own conjectures and suspicions.

"'Ha!' cried the host, with a start, 'I wonder if that wasn't the man that hired a horse and buggy of me, about four days ago, to go a piece down the country. He came out from Louisville in the cars, he said, and wanted to make a short visit to a friend; but when I asked him where his friend lived, he didn't exactly know, as he had never been to see him, and in fact his friend had only been a short time in these parts himself. I didn't altogether like his looks, and I hesitated about letting him have the team, till he told me he had his sister with him, who was going to remain a few weeks, but that he himself must get back to the city the next day. He got the horse about two o'clock in the afternoon, and fetched him back between eight and nine the same evening.'

"'That is the man, for a hundred dollars!' cried I. 'Describe him!'

"The host did so, and his description so nearly agreed with my preconception of the villain—in dress, size, hight, and general appearance—that I was almost startled at the reflection that I had arrived at so much truth by a means so mysterious to myself. The inn-keeper had not seen the girl at all.

"Having gathered all the information I could from the landlord, my next inquiry was concerning the conductor of the train from the city on that day. Luckily the same train was in that night, and the conductor resided in the place. I went to his house and found him at home. He could not throw any additional light on the subject. He thought it quite probable there might have been such a man and girl on his train on that day: in fact, now he came to think of it, he was almost sure that two such persons got out at that station,—but that was all he knew.

"The next down train carried me into Louisville. I procured all the daily papers and carefully looked them through. In one I found a Mary Barton, a girl of seventeen, advertised as having left her home on an errand, and not having since been heard of by her afflicted mother, whose residence was given. There was a description of the girl, and an earnest prayer for information concerning her. I knew she was the murdered girl, and I went straight to her mother's house. She was a poor widow, living in a court, and her darling child, she said, was all she had left to make life desirable. Alas! not even her now; but I had not the heart to tell her so. I informed her that I was an officer, and that I had reason to believe her daughter had gone off with a man whose description I gave, and asked her if she had any knowledge of such a person. At first she said she had not; but after thinking a while, she added, that the description reminded her of a clerk in a certain commercial house, whom she had once seen speaking to her daughter. I felt that the man she alluded to was the one I wanted, and as soon as I could decently get away from her, who was in sore affliction and put a hundred anxious questions, I hastened to the house she named, and, on pretence of wishing to purchase some goods, went in, and saw, as I believed, the murderer before me.

"After looking at different samples of goods, I said I would soon return, and then hastened to a magistrate's office, got out a warrant and saw it in the hands of the proper officer. I then told the latter I would precede him and have a little conversation with the clerk, and that I would give him a signal as soon as ready.

"'By-the-by,' said I to the clerk, on returning to the store, looking keenly at him while I spoke, 'it seems to me I have seen you before! Do you not sometimes travel for this firm?'

"'Oh, yes, occasionally,' he replied.

"'Now I think of it,' I went on, 'I believe I have seen you recently. Ah, yes—you stopped at the village of * * * * *, with your sister, on your way to a friend's house in the country. Yes, I remember.'

"My eye was fixed keenly upon him as I spoke, and he flushed deeply red and then turned deadly pale.

"'Let me see!' I continued; your sister's name was—Mary Barton—and—and—*she died—she was murdered in a cornfield?*'

"He gasped, staggered, uttered a wild shriek, and then with one bound left me, and ran swiftly towards the other end of the building.

"'Stop him! he is a murderer!' I shouted, bounding after him.

"Before I could catch him, or any one else comprehend what was taking place, there was a sharp report, and the man fell dead. He had drawn a small pocket pistol, and fired the charge into his brain through the right temple. He left a wife and two small children to mourn his loss.

"Why he took Mary Barton away from the city and murdered her as he did, will probably remain a mystery through all time. To save the feelings of the innocent living, the two dreadful tragedies were hushed up as much as possible, and were never very generally known.

"I returned to the place of murder, and made my report to the authorities. I had done my duty, and hunted the villain down. They would have given me half the reward, but I declined to take anything beyond a reasonable amount for my time and expenses. With this I resumed my journey, satisfied with the extraordinary accomplishment of my design."

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LOVE, NOT CONSTRAINED

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mrs. Early had been fretted at the breakfast table. The butter knife not being in its place beside the butter plate, had given occasion for a sharp reprimand.

"Don't let me have to speak of that again!" said Mrs. Early to the servant, in a tone of voice that made her husband's flesh creep, as we say. Mr. Early glanced into her face; but its expression was so disagreeable to him, that he turned his eyes away. At the same time there came into his thoughts these lines of Shakespeare's:

> "A woman moved, is like a Fountain troubled,
> Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of Beauty;
> And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
> Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it."

When it is known that Mr. and Mrs. Early had been man and wife for only about six months, it will be admitted that something was going wrong. The young husband had plucked his rose, the sweetest, to him, that the garden bore; but, somehow, it was losing beauty and fragrance.

The morning meal passed almost in silence. Mr. Early kept his eyes for most of the time on his cup and plate. It was never pleasant to look at his wife when she was out of humor. The expression of her face hurt him. Why was she out of humor? You know the cause. A careless or hurried servant had forgotten the butter knife in setting the table. That was all.

Mr. Early only took one cup of coffee on that morning. He usually drank two. Finishing the meal before his wife was done, he pushed back his chair, and rising, said:

"I'm in a hurry this morning."

He did not come round the table to kiss his wife; a little ceremonial which she had so perseveringly required at every daily parting, that her matter-of-fact husband began to reluct at the constrained salutes; but turned off abruptly and went into the hall to get his hat. Particularly was the kissing humor absent on this morning. Kissing was, with him, a sign of love; and he saw no image of love in the troubled fountain of his young wife's spirit.

"Why, Frank!" cried Mrs. Early, in surprise, and with reproof in her tone. He understood what she meant; but it was always a hard thing for him to act against his feelings. Just then his wife was unlovely in his eyes, and he didn't want to kiss her.

"Good morning! I'm in a hurry!" And he started for the street door. Mrs. Early waited until he was near the end of the hall, and then springing up from the table, ran after him. He heard her coming, but did not pause. Opening the door, he passed out and shut it behind him. He felt that there was something hard, almost cruel, in this; but the fountain, in his eyes, was "muddy," and he had no desire to "sip, or touch one drop of it."

Mrs. Early stood in surprise and disappointment for some moments, and then going into the little parlor, sat down and cried. Unfortunately, she did not clearly understand the case; did not see how, if there was defect of love on her husband's part, it was because she had made herself less lovely in his eyes.

When Mr. Early returned at dinner time, he was in a repentant mood, and wished to atone by words and acts of tenderness for his neglect of the morning. But his wife gravely declined the proffered kiss, and looked at him with sober, accusing eyes.

"Oh, just as you please!" was the slightly offended remark of Mr. Early. And taking up a book, he sat down and read until the bell announced dinner.

The meat was over-done, and Mrs. Early scolded about it sharply.

"A poor sauce for a bad dinner!" so Mr. Early thought; but, of course, kept his thoughts to himself.

Trifling omissions in setting the table, which a quiet word aside to the servant would have instantly supplied, were made the occasion of sharp reprimands that were especially disagreeable to Mr. Early. He ate in silence, and with contracted brows. Strangely oblivious to the real effect upon her husband by her table-lecturings and complainings, Mrs. Early kept up her fault-finding almost to the end of the meal. She was in an unhappy humor, and gave voice to it, as a kind of relief, without reflection. If she could have known just what was passing in her husband's mind, her lips would have been closed in sudden silence. You may think it strange that her perception was at fault. Her husband thought it strange. Indeed, he felt that she must have known how unpleasantly her conduct was affecting him; and this gave him less patience. It seemed to him that she was giving annoyance willfully.

Mr. Early left the dinner-table, as he had left the breakfast-table, abruptly, and went away to his business. The parting kiss, as in the morning, was omitted. This time the young wife did not ask for it. There was considerable crying through the afternoon, and some thinking. After the crying came the thinking. There was a calmer state, but perception was at fault in the main. Pride came in to dim the clearness of her mental vision.

"I'll not beg for love!" she said to herself. "If he has no kisses to give, I will not gain them through solicitation."

So, when her husband came back at day's decline, she met him with a composed manner, slightly reserved, and without an intimation that she desired or expected the kiss he had prepared himself to give. We say, prepared himself to give—not from love, but from constraint. The kiss was not offered. There was a manner about the young wife that caused him to withhold it; a manner not usual, and not quite understood.

During tea-time no jar occurred. If everything was not just to Mrs. Early's mind, she repressed complaint. Once or twice her husband saw a cloud forming, and began to brace himself for a storm; but there fell no rain, flashed no lightning. A few quiet sentences passed during the meal. They felt better on rising than when they sat down. Early looked into his wife's face, soberer than usual, yet veiled with a kind of tender depression that touched his feelings. "Have I been unkind?" he said to himself. The very question softened him. His wife came round the table and stood by his side. They walked from the room together, into the lower hall, and up the stairs. On the way he drew his arm about her waist, then bent down and kissed her lips—not with constraint, nor with a careless dash, but with a soft, lingering pressure, born of a loving impulse. The low, sweet thrill that ran through the heart of Mrs. Early was almost new to her.

"What does it mean?" she asked herself, in a kind of surprise, as she leaned towards her husband, yielding to the closer pressure of his arm. On reaching their sitting-room, Mr. Early withdrew his arm gently, and taking up a book, sat down to read. Neither was yet entirely at ease. Something unpleasant had arisen between them, and it was not yet wholly removed.

Mrs. Early's thoughts were still more than usually active. Seeing that her husband was getting absorbed in his volume, she took a late magazine, and tried to find interest in its pages. She had not read far, before a passage arrested her attention, that made her heart beat quicker. She read it again, and then began pondering its meaning. We give the passage:

"Love is not constrained, but spontaneous. It is dimmed by solicitation; it is hurt by chidings. If you would be loved, you must put on the graces of loveliness. Thousands of young wives have poured out unavailing tears for the love they might have kept by sweet deportment. They fret over things disagreeable in their households; they scold their servants at meal times; they veil their countenances with peevishness, dissatisfaction, or anger, and then demand kisses and signs of love! But love is repelled, not won. From all this comes estrangement, not conjunction."

Almost stealthily, after reading the passage twice, did Mrs. Early glance across to her husband. His face was in repose; his lips wore a pleasant expression; his book was interesting him. Rising, she quietly left the room. Sitting down in another apartment alone, she began reviewing her conduct in the light of this new revelation, and saw it as she had never seen it before. Her cheeks burned as she remembered how rarely a meal had passed of late, without its quietness being marred by reprimands addressed to the cook or waiter. She was almost always fretted at the table because of some neglect or deficiency which a little forethought on her part might have remedied; and so very few meals were really enjoyed by either herself or husband.

"I will reform all this!" said Mrs. Early, when the whole case stood out clearly before her. "I don't wonder now at the variable temper of my husband, hitherto a mystery—at the fact that clouds have fallen so often and so suddenly over the sunshine of his face. The fault was my own. As for kisses, I will win, not demand them in the future. If they are withheld, I will look for the cause in myself, and not in my husband."

On the next morning, a little before the breakfast hour, Mrs. Early went down to the dining-room and kitchen to see if things were being done in right order. Two or three serious omissions met her eyes. She repressed her quickly rising anger, and instead of scolding until her blood was heated, calmly but seriously pointed out the neglect, for which there came an instant acknowledgment, and a promise not to be careless again.

Still, even with this care and forethought, all defects were not foreseen and mended. On taking the cover from the sugar-bowl, on sitting down to the table, the vessel was found empty. This was a thing of frequent occurrence, and was usually accompanied by a sharp reproof, given volubly and with angry, flashing eyes.

A slight premonitory shiver ran along the nerves of Mr. Early. There had been an enjoyable calm and pleasant sunshine, but here came the cloud again, suddenly darkening the summer sky. He waited for the storm to break. *But there* was no storm. There was scarcely *a dimming of the light in his wife's face. She lifted the empty bowl, in a quiet way, and handed* it to the servant, speaking to her aside and in an undertone. The servant said—"Oh! how could I have forgotten!" with sincere regret in her voice, and quickly supplied the omission.

When Mrs. Early looked across the table and saw the expression of her husband's eyes, which were fixed upon her, she had her reward. Admiration was slightly veiled by wonder.

How very small this incident! What a trifle it seems! But little things are pivots on which the motion of greater things depends. They are the keys by which we often unlock treasure-houses of happiness or misery.

When Mr. Early arose from the breakfast-table, his wife did not spring up as usual to demand her parting kiss, but sat with a gentle, subdued aspect, looking at her husband with love-lighted eyes. He came round the table, and stooping, touched her lips in a pressure worth more than all the kisses she had extorted from him in a month—worth more, as her full heart acknowledged to itself that instant.

There was no impediment, no constraint in love after that. It came full and free, drawn towards its object by the magnetic force of loveliness.

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A TURKISH SCHOOL.

What a picture it was! On the cushioned divan, which runs along one side of the room, sat three venerable looking Imaums, in flowing robes, long beards, white turbans, and with *chibouque*. On their right and left, upon the divan, were seated a dozen boys, of ages varying from six to twelve, whose dress marked them of high rank. In a conspicuous position among these was a tiny boy, about four years old. He wore a little coat of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold; trowsers and vest to match; a leather band, richly worked, round his waist, from which hung a tiny sword. On his head a velvet fez, beautifully embroidered, with a heavy gold tassel, completed his attire. On a small desk before the Imaums were several large books in the Turkish language. One was lying open. Below the divan were rows of little Turks, all dressed alike, in the coat and trowsers and crimson cloth fez. They sat in rows on the floor, like an English infant school, and their little red caps made them look, at a distance, like a bed of poppies. Truth to say, they behaved a great deal better than the same number of little Britons would have done. Our entrance attracted their attention. Only for an instant they gave us a look, then settled themselves again. And now one Imaum called up one boy after another to read a sentence out of the great book; when he had finished, all the school cried out, "Amen." At length the little boy, whose dress we have described, descended from his seat, and stood at the Imaum's feet—then slowly repeated each word after the Imaum. He accomplished a sentence; a very loud "Amen" followed, and there was a buzz and a smile on every one's face, as if some feat had been accomplished. The child returned to his place, and the other boys went up in turns for their lesson.

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—A gentleman by the name of Barryl, in one of the Northern States, made a speech, in which he spoke very loud and long. One of the company not being pleased with the harangue, observed that an empty *barrel* always made the greatest sound.

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—A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than a man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts, while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

HE who would translate waking dreams into poetic reality is not wise. He proposes, like a Cleopatra, to pervert the splendor of the pearls of dew into a common drink, and the rainbow of fancy to a permanent arch bridging over the rain waters.

SOME people seem born fast friends; their first finding of each other is only a second, and they then, like those who have been long parted, bring to each other not only a future but a past also.

ONLY our cradle-songs, only those old cradle-songs, sounding back on the memory, soothe the sorrowful soul to slumber when it has wept itself hot and feverish.

CICERO said that he approved a youth that has something of the old man in him. We wonder how he would have liked a man with something of the Old Boy in him.

WE have sometimes wished that maidens might always dance exactly like the Graces and the Houris—that is to say, only with one another, not with the gentlemen.

EVERYTHING weighty may, like a rock, be placed on a point, whereupon a child's finger can set it in rotation.

CERTAIN families are poor in all their ramifications. Like antimony, they have no chemical affinity with gold, however much they might wish it.

SOME cannot get rid of the notion of private property in truth, with the right to fence it in, and put up a signboard, warning trespassers off the grounds.

AN unmarried elderly lady, clad in a complete suit of wrinkles, finds it the cheapest coat-of-mail against the shafts of the great little enemy.

TRUTH is not always won by long and hard toil. A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.

THERE are old babies as well as old men. The stick of candy and porringer of the former are the pipe and mug of the latter.

CHILDREN are the most loving pawns and bonds of matrimony; in a word, they are, as Luther says, "the best wool of the sheep."

THINK not that baffled endeavors bear no fruits because they don't bear the particular fruits you sought and sighed for.

YOU may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them.

WITH your friend, speech and silence are one, for a communion mysterious and intangible reaches from heart to heart.

FEMALE authorship, instead of being deprecated, ought to be encouraged as the great safety-valve of society.

RICHES are no evidence of personal worth. The Colchian ram had a fleece of gold, but he was probably very mean mutton.

IT does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other.

WHEN a man's coat is getting a little old, it may be turned. The older his brain is, the less excuse there is for its being turned.

MANY live upon the promises they make. They never expect to keep their word, but to be kept by it.

OLD wine brings so good a price that we wonder some smart speculator hasn't found a few butts of it in Herculaneum.

NEVER did morning wear to evening, but some heart was broken.

IT is not our beliefs and convictions that frighten us half so much as our fancies.

HE can well bear the revolutions of the envious seasons who bears eternal summer in his soul.

WHENEVER anybody's orbit intersects yours, try to make something come of it.

LIFE, like the water of the sea, is not quite fresh and sweet till it rises toward heaven.

IT is not unfrequently a female expedient to tell the truth—half-way.

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CURRENT ITEMS

A SOLDIER who had been paying his attentions to a young lady in a Western city for over two years, but who could not win the consent of her parents to his suit, went home on a furlough, not long since, determined to "put an end to his suspense one way or another." He did his best to win over the parents, exhausting upon them all his powers of conciliation and strategy, but in vain; and then, as a last resort, he thought he would try what virtue there was in a bold onslaught; and so, seizing the young lady up bodily in his arms, he rushed to a carriage which he had in waiting, drove to a clergyman's, got married, and then opening negotiations from his new vantage ground, brought about an amicable adjustment whereby the union was cemented in firmest bonds.

A FRENCH inn-keeper, living in the town of Bozel, France, having quarrelled with his wife, and got the worst of it—as a matter of course—resorted to a singular method of going through the harri-karri, or Japanese mode of revenge by committing suicide. Having two barrels of gun-powder in his kitchen, which he had placed there preparatory to delivering them to a tradesman who had purchased them, he deliberately knocked out their heads, and firing them both off, blew himself, six other persons, and his inn, to death and atoms; but the wife, strange to say, escaped the general ruin with only a few unimportant scratches.

A LITTLE boy, only six years old, whose parents reside in Avenue A, was run over by a fire engine, one day not long since, and hurt so badly that his life was despaired of. As the engine was under full headway, and dashing along the street at a furious rate, the child suddenly attempted to run before it, and was knocked down and run over, although those of the firemen who saw the little fellow's danger did their utmost to rescue him from the fate upon which he had so thoughtlessly rushed.

As an elderly man was walking along Broadway, in front of the Hospital, one day recently, he was seen to pause as though bewildered, and finally sat down on the steps leading from the sidewalk into the Hospital yard. In a few moments he pressed his hand spasmodically upon his heart and fell forward upon his face. On being taken up, he was found to be dead. On examination, his name and address were found in his pocket-book, and a carriage being called his body was taken home.

A WOMAN, respectably dressed and apparently about thirty years of age, in attempting to hasten off of a Jersey City ferry-boat, one day lately, before it had been made fast to the bridge, fell between the bridge and the boat, and the latter coming heavily against the former, crushed her in a frightful manner. The poor woman's shrieks were so piercing and so horrible that some of the bystanders had to close their ears, not being able to stand the heart-piercing outcry.

MANY bogus soldiers are perambulating this city and country, with forged certificates of good conduct and bravery, and begging for money under pretence of having been disabled in the war. They are without exception imposters and should be handed over to the proper authorities. No brave man would stoop to beggary, nor need such an one resort to such an ignoble means of getting subsistence.

HARRIET BURGES, a girl living in a family in East Brooklyn, upset a pan of hot water on one of the children, a little boy about seven years old, and scalded him very badly, whereupon an elder brother of the child—a boy of thirteen—seized a basin of hot water standing near by and dashed it in the servant girl's face, whereby she was very seriously injured. The boy was arrested on a complaint of the girl, and held to bail.

A LARGE dry goods establishment in this city was broken into one night recently and robbed of silks to the value of nearly five thousand dollars. From the appearance of things, it was supposed that one of the thieves must have secreted himself in the premises during the day, and then helped his confederates to break in during the night.

A BRITISH officer died suddenly, one day recently, on board of an English vessel lying in port. A *post mortem* examination revealed the fact that he died from the effects of a bullet wound in the region of the heart, that he received several years ago, during the Russian war.

A BOY about nine years old was run against by a Hudson River Railroad car, one morning lately, as he was playing on the track and very seriously injured.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER. EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

HISTORY STRANGELY REPEATING ITSELF.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

It will surprise those who have read my late article on the "Monroe doctrine," that the English government should witness the establishment of the Mexican empire by Louis Napoleon with such apparent indifference. Forty years ago, as appears from that article, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs actually importuned the American envoy to engage in some concerted action between the two governments, for the purpose of preventing France, backed by the "Holy Alliance," from re-colonizing the Spanish dominions in America and especially Mexico. All the real interests, which then dictated such a policy on the part of Great Britain, exist unchanged at the present day, but so far from taking alarm at the invasion and conquest of Mexico by Imperial France, and the initiatory measures for reducing her to the condition of a French colony, England is looking on with apathy while those measures are in progress, if she is not even (as is alleged) yielding them some degree of co-operation. What makes this more extraordinary is the humiliating manner in which she and Spain have been treated by their shrewd associate. Having planned the expedition against Mexico in conjunction with his allies, he contrived in a few months to disgust them with its further prosecution and lead them to withdraw their forces, thus leaving him sole master of the field, and yet so skilfully as to give them no pretence for a quarrel. I know not where, in the annals of statecraft, anything at once so bold, adroit and successful can be found.

But the acquiescence of England in the French subjugation of Mexico, though at variance with her political traditions, and especially at war with the policy of Mr. Canning, *can be explained. The acquisitions of Mexican territory which have been made by the United States have excited her* jealousy. Although she was as prompt as we were in recognizing the dismemberment of Mexico by the independence of Texas, and could not but admit the extreme moderation of our conduct at the close of the Mexican war, it gave her no pleasure to see the enlargement of our territory in that direction. The satisfaction with which she ought to have contemplated the extension into those vast and ill-governed regions of free institutions modelled on her own, and the substantial benefits which never fail to accrue to her from the enlargement of our commercial resources, were forgotten in her uneasiness at what she deemed the aggrandizement of a rival maritime power. This feeling has been growing upon her rapidly in the last generation, till it has wrought a radical change in her policy, and she now prefers to see Mexico pass under the Imperial despotism of France, rather than that further portions of it should incur the risk of being incorporated into the American Union. It is not exactly what might have been expected of a power which claims to stand at the head of the constitutional and protestant states of Europe; it is not a policy which would have found favor with William the Third, with Chatham, with Pitt, or even with Canning; but it does not exceed the limits of the short-sighted selfishness on which governments are usually administered. Either of these statesmen would have wrapped Europe in flames,—aye, "would have brooked the eternal devil to keep his state" in Mexico, sooner than he would have permitted it to fall into the quiet possession of a French Emperor; but the age of the Williams and the Chathams has passed.

There is a motive, however, much stronger than jealousy of the United States, which may induce Great Britain to acquiesce in the colonization of Mexico by France, viz., a willingness to see the French armies employed in difficult and expensive enterprizes, that import no immediate danger to herself. By one of those strange fatalities, which sometimes occur in human affairs, and baffle the most sagacious previsions, England, after leading the alliance of the Continental powers, in a war of tremendous magnitude against revolutionary France, for near a quarter of a century, and with seeming success, now finds the military power of her "natural enemy" more formidable and better organized than in the palmiest days of the first Napoleon. It is true that the political system of Europe is, at the same time, so totally changed, that, instead of the deadly feud which existed between him and *la perfide Albion*, as he habitually called her, she is apparently on the most friendly terms with his nephew and successor; that she was, but a few years ago, his associate in a war with Russia, her ally of 1812, and is now in conjunction with him all but threatening another war against the same power. But beneath this amicable exterior, England is well content that France should have a war upon her hands, which will drain her treasury, employ her armies, and satisfy the passion of her excitable people for adventure and glory. Under the influence of this feeling, England made no opposition, beyond a feeble protest, to the French occupation of Algeria. She saw that the patriotic fanaticism of the Mahometan races there would, for a time at least, furnish full occupation for 100,000 French troops. Sixty years ago she sent armies and navies to Egypt to prevent its falling into the hands of the first Napoleon, but she allowed without a struggle Charles X. to possess himself, on the Southern coast of the Mediterranean, of a territory as large as the British Isles. She now gives up Mexico to his successor for the same reason. She knows that, in all human probability, the war with New Spain will be to him what the war with Old Spain was to his uncle; and she perceives that, even if it should not conduct him to a like catastrophe, it will make him for an indefinite period a much quieter and safer neighbor.

If, therefore, England has promised to recognize the Archduke Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico, which, though unofficially stated and likely in itself to be true, is not yet officially known, it is not to be inferred that, at heart, she approves of any portion of the policy. It is by no means certain that the Emperor of the French really either desires or intends the imperial crown of Mexico for an Austrian prince. It is true that the convention of "Notables" at Mexico, acting under the dictation of Marshal Forey, has offered the crown to the brother of the Emperor of Austria, but it is with remainder to any other candidate, whom Louis Napoleon may select, if the archduke should have the wisdom to decline the offer. In this state of affairs, England may naturally prefer that the Austrian archduke should wield the Mexican sceptre, rather than the French prince on whom it may otherwise be conferred, if indeed the emperor himself, as is highly probable, should not think it safer in his own hands. It would unquestionably have been offered to him in the first instance by the Mexican "Notables," if he had not supposed that the other great powers of Europe, and particularly England, would take alarm at so high-handed a measure.

And this leads me to remark upon the manner in which this astonishing usurpation has been commenced and thus far successfully prosecuted. While the present Emperor of the French has at all times professed to act upon the cardinal maxims of his uncle's policy, and has even devoted a separate work to an exposition of the "Idées Napoléoniennes," those who have wished and hoped against hope that he would give to France a stable government, and to Europe and the world the blessings of peace, have earnestly desired that he would shun the rock on which the empire and dynasty of the first Napoleon were wrecked; in a word, that he would turn a deaf ear to the promptings of a vulgar ambition. It is impossible, however, not to see in his invasion of Mexico, and in the attempt to subvert her republican institutions and establish a foreign empire in their stead, a precise parody of that outrageous invasion of Spain,—a measure which ate like a cancer into the vitals of his uncle's power, and after a desolating struggle of six years, led to its miserable prostration and his own overthrow and ruin. Mark the inauspicious parallelism. Did not the present Emperor of France, in his letter to General Lorencez, say, "It is contrary to my interest, my origin, and my principles to impose any kind of government on the Mexican people. They may freely choose that which suits them best?" And did not the first Napoleon, by the secret treaty of Fontainebleau, ("which has acquired," says Mr. Thiers, "a melancholy celebrity as the first act in the invasion of Spain") guarantee "to his most catholic majesty the possession of all his States on the Continent of Europe, to the south of the Pyrenees?" This treaty was signed on the 27th of October, 1807, and on the 6th of June, 1808, Joseph Bonaparte was proclaimed king of Spain and of the Indies! Has a pretence for the invasion of Mexico been found in her alleged degeneracy; in her factions and her anarchy; in her plunder of French traders, (hideously exaggerated) and in the murder of French subjects? And was not the notorious degeneracy of Spain; the dissensions of the royal family; the weakness of the government, and the massacre of Frenchmen in the tumult of Madrid the justification for seizing the crown of that monarchy? Does Louis Napoleon promise to Mexico, under a stable government, the development of her material resources, the extension of her commerce, the recovery of her financial prosperity; and were not these identical blessings, in language nearly identical, declared to be the motive for which a French Prince was imposed upon the people of Spain? Listen to the language of the first Napoleon, the day after the elevation of his brother to the throne:

> "Spaniards! after a long agony, your nation was on the point of perishing. I saw your miseries, and hastened to apply a remedy. Your grandeur, your power, form an integral part of my own. Your princes have ceded to me their rights to the crown of Spain. I have no wish to reign over your provinces, but I am desirous of acquiring an eternal title to the love and gratitude of your posterity. Your monarchy is old; my mission is to pour into its veins the blood of youth. I will ameliorate all your institutions, and make you enjoy, if you second my efforts, the blessings of reform, without its collisions, its disorders, its convulsions. I have convoked a general assembly of deputies from your provinces and cities. I am desirous of ascertaining your wants by personal intercourse; I will then lay aside all the titles I have acquired, and place your glorious crown on the head of my second self, after having secured for you a constitution, which may establish the sacred and salutary authority of the sovereign, with the liberties and privileges of the people. Spaniards, reflect on what your fathers were; on what you now are! The fault does not lie in you, but in the constitution by which you have been governed. Conceive the most ardent hopes and confidence in the results of your present situation, for I wish that your latest posterity should preserve the recollection of me, and say —he was the regenerator of our country."

Such was the language of the first Napoleon on seating his brother on the throne of Spain. How close the parallel with the pretences assigned for the subjugation of Mexico! Even the agencies employed are the same. The pretended *voluntary* abdications of Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. were not brought about till a good part of the peninsula was covered with the French armies, and all free volition was out of the question on the part of the royal prisoners at Bayonne. In like manner the *voluntary* tender of the imperial crown to the nominee of Louis Napoleon did not take place till a French army was quartered in the city of Mexico. To give a show of legality to the transfer of the crown of Spain to Joseph Bonaparte, "it was deemed advisable," says Alison, "that the shadow of a popular election should be kept up; and with that view, the moment that the emperor had obtained the consent of Ferdinand to his resignation, he despatched instructions to Murat, to obtain a petition from the junta of government and the principal public bodies of Madrid, for the conferring of the throne upon the king of Naples [Joseph Bonaparte]." These instructions took effect. The authorities at Madrid were bewildered, bribed, intimidated. The councils of Castile and the Indies, the junta of government, and the municipality of the city, solicited the choice of Joseph as their king, and Napoleon, "satisfied with having thus obtained the color of public consent to his usurpation, issued a proclamation, *convoking an assembly of* ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NOTABLES to meet at Bayonne."

In exact conformity with this precedent, Marshal Forey, having at length captured Puebla and occupied the city of Mexico with his army, convokes an assembly of "Notables," differing from that which met at Bayonne in number alone,—one hundred and thirty-five instead of one hundred and fifty. These notables, by a vote lacking three of unanimity, pass a resolution to overthrow the republican constitution of their country, and place it under the sceptre of an Austrian emperor. The "notables" of Mexico!—The four candle-snuffers, dressed in robes of scarlet calico, lined with catskin minever, who personate the "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors" in *Othello*; the red-nosed rabblement, half-a-score strong, with tin shields and pasteboard helmets, which shuffles over the stage in *Coriolanus*, represent the Venetian Senate and the Roman army as adequately as the one hundred and thirty-five notables represent the people of Mexico. General Doblado, the head of the Constitutional Cabinet, in his recent manifesto to his countrymen, calls upon them "to make their enemies feel the difference between the faction of beggars,—political *chevaliers d'industrie*,—who have asked the aid of the Emperor, and the immense majority of the people, with whom the love of nationality dominates as a vigorous and controlling passion; who possess that noble pride which is inspired by patriotism; and who have a sacred and inextinguishable attachment to the preservation of our independence."

It is not impossible, not unlikely, that this denunciation of the Mexican "notables" who have voted to overthrow the government of their country, to subvert its Constitution, and to subject it to the yoke of a foreign power, may be too sweeping and comprehensive. There may be among them honest men, who, as a choice of evils, believe that a foreign military despotism is less to be deprecated than the continual recurrence of military *pronunciamientos* and the existence of chronic anarchy, under their present form of government. So, too, there were among the notables at Bayonne and in the councils of Castile and the Indies, honest and patriotic men who, fatigued with the imbecility, and disgusted with the corruption, of their legitimate princes, deemed it better, in the existing state of affairs, to yield to the power of Napoleon, than to provoke a resistance which would convert Spain into a battle-field for the armies of Europe. But neither the corrupt agency of bad men nor the forced acquiescence of good men,—no, nor the advantages, not all imaginary, which Napoleon promised to Spain, as the reward of her submission, change the character of the transaction. "He was," says the great historian, who never blames him but with reluctance, "led on from trickery to knavery,—*de la ruse à la fourberie*,—till he placed upon his name the second of the two great spots which tarnish his glory. There remained for his absolution, the good he would do to Spain and through Spain to France. But Providence did not allow him even in this way to purge himself of a perfidy unworthy of his character.*" When the recent history of the transactions in Mexico, for the two years (of which glimpses have already appeared) shall be fully laid open, it will disclose scenes of intrigue, corruption, and violence, worthy to be placed by the side of those enacted at Bayonne. We must, as American citizens, confess with sorrow and shame, that nothing can be disclosed, which transcends in meanness and treachery to every principle of patriotic American statesmanship the conduct of the chiefs of our own rebellion, who at this moment, are seeking to purchase the recognition of France by the most discreditable and suicidal concessions on our South Western Frontier.

Vast were the miseries entailed upon Spain by this lawless attempt of the first Napoleon to crush her independence. It cost her six years of a warfare the most unsparing and terrible. But from that war dates her regeneration. Napoleon, in sending his brother to sit upon the throne of her deposed kings, declared, as we have just seen, that his only wish was, that the latest posterity in Spain should say of him, "*he was the regenerator of our country*." Such he was, but it was by the purification of that fiery furnace through which he forced her to pass. It was declared by the Duke of Wellington, thirty or forty years ago, that no country in Europe was reforming abuses and improving its condition more rapidly than Spain. Let us hope that Mexico, in like manner, may find in her existing straits an all-powerful motive to shake off the influences which have so long exhausted, humiliated and distracted her, and rise from her present degradation to the noble position of a strong, united, and independent American Republic.

Boston, 12th October, 1863.

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* Thiers, le Consulat et l'Empire. Tome VIII., p. 658.

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MILITARY JUSTICE---FATE OF DESERTERS.

War is cruel—*necessarily* so. Acts of severity, which in civil life we should call ferocious, are indispensable to the preservation of military discipline, and, indeed, to the safety of armies. It is a sad thing to see a man shot to death by his comrades for the crime of desertion. What has he done? Simply run away from his responsibilities. Men do that every day in every city, and either go unwhipt of justice, or are merely restrained of their liberty for a season. An apprentice "deserts" from the shop. If he is worth the trouble, his "boss" advertises him, and if taken and brought back, he is expected to resume work and fulfil the terms of his indenture. That is all. If a soldier deserts from his regiment, and is retaken, he *dies*. It is hard, yet nevertheless right. Culprits are punished in proportion to the consequences which their misdeeds entail. He who shirks his civil responsibilities injures only a few individuals. His offence does not imperil the safety of the community. But military desertion, in impairing the efficiency of armies, jeopards the vital interests of the people whom they are arrayed to vindicate and defend. In our case the *National Existence* depends upon the faithfulness and courage and strength of the Union hosts. The stake is too tremendous to be placed at risk through an over lenient military policy. As a measure of self-preservation the government is bound to check, by terrible examples, a crime which would otherwise soon render the mighty cordon of armed men it is now tightening around the rebellion, as incohesive and untrustworthy as a rope of sand. What seems to many, perhaps, extreme rigor, is, in fact, humane conservatism. Either deserters must suffer the penalty attached in all ages to their crime, or our armies must dissolve and the Great Cause be lost. Where the question is one of individual lives, legally forfeited, on the one hand, and of the life of the Nation on the other, the decision of the patriot, though tears for the fate of the deserter may fill his eyes, must be "Live the Republic!"

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THE SABBATH.

The quiet and rest of Sunday are as refreshing to the frame and the intellect as its solemn ordinances are comforting to the soul. It is a waveless haven into which we steer joyfully after tossing six days on a "sea of troubles." The voyage of life would indeed be a weary struggle with gale and tempest, but for the safe anchorage we find, once a week, under the shelter of the Sanctuary and of the homes into which—the World being shut out—the peace of Heaven enters. Every human being who remembers the Sabbath to keep it holy is rewarded, *directly* and *immediately*, for the performance of his Christian duties. It is a slight service most munificently repaid. He who has rendered it goes forth to his labors on Monday morning, with a firmer step, a clearer brow, a braver spirit, than if he had played the ingrate and slighted the mandate of his Beneficent Father and Friend.

THE LOMBARD KINGS AND DUKES.

[ARTICLE THIRTY-SIX.]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

After the overthrow of the Gothic kings, by an army sent from Constantinople by Justinian, the Emperor of the East, there was a new irruption of northern barbarians, as they still were called. Seventy-five thousand Franks, in the most imposing military array, came rushing through the defiles of the Rhætian Alps into the fertile fields of Milan. Resistlessly, battering down all opposition, they swept over the plains of northern Italy. These Franks were nominal Christians—the children of superstition, punctilious in the ceremonies, which had been transferred from the Pagan to the Christian church, but possessing little of the spirit of Christ.

Again wretched Italy was desolated with all those woes which war ever brings in its train. But the Frank army gradually melted away under the influence of battles, sickness and desertions. Italy was thus left, an impoverished, depopulated, war-scathed and almost powerless province, attached to the eastern empire of Justinian. But this powerful monarch died, and his feeble son, Justinian II., succeeded to the throne. In Hungary there was a powerful nation, called the Lombards. They turned covetous eyes towards the luxuriant fields of Italy, whose defencelessness invited the march of their armies. Under a heroic leader, Alboin, the Lombards crossed the Julian Alps, and, with very little difficulty, took possession of the whole country except the fortresses of Rome and Ravenna.

Alboin, the Lombard, now assumed the title of King of Italy, and partitioned out the conquered realm among his favorite captains, giving them various titles of nobility, and conferring upon each one a certain kind of independence over his limited province, binding his vassal to himself by such feudal service as the payment of tribute and the obligation to furnish and arm a certain number of troops in the event of war. This Lombard King of Italy was an untamed savage. He was cruel, sensual, lawless, and, in his orgies, delighted to drink from the skulls of his enemies. His brutality to his queen led her to form a conspiracy against him, and he was assassinated. One of his dukes, Clevis, a passionate, uncultivated barbarian, grasped the sceptre, as it fell from his murdered master's hand. He held it with a determined gripe for seventeen months, when he too was assassinated in his bed.

There were now thirty-six Lombard dukes scattered over Italy. They were all independent in their petty counties, all jealous of each other. While each one was ambitious of the supremacy and of the title of king, no one could assert that supremacy or that title without drawing down upon him the armed vengeance of all the rest. For ten years Italy continued in this state, a conglomeration of petty provinces without any bond of union. At last they were all threatened with war, by a combined attack from Gaul and Greece. This rendered it absolutely necessary for them to combine in self-defence. War always demands a dictator, a general who is supreme. Under these circumstances the dukes, not the people, met, and chose one of their number, Autharis, who had the highest reputation for ability and bravery, as their king—the leader of their combined armies. Thus the power passed from the Roman people and the Roman senate into the hands of these Lombard dukes.

The wisdom, the necessity of their combination became immediately manifest. Three successive armies, from Gaul, rushed furiously down upon the plains of Italy. Autharis met them with the concentrated force of all the dukes, and drove them back with terrible slaughter. The city of Rome, "lone mother of dead empires," had long since lost all its metropolitan grandeur. Autharis, ambitious of regal pomp, and desirous of consolidating and perpetuating his sway, selected Pavia for his capital. The Bishop or Papa of Rome was a man of consummate ability and ambition, and he was as eager and as successful in grasping the reins of spiritual power as the king was in seizing upon temporal dominion.

This distinguished prelate, Gregory the Great, was nobly born. He had been a Roman Senator, and also governor of the city. These offices had enabled him to acquire enormous wealth. The Bishop of Constantinople was equally ambitious, wealthy and able. There was a stern and protracted struggle between these two sagacious men, Gregory of Rome, and John of Constantinople, for the spiritual dominion of the Christian world. The one represented the Latin, the other the Greek Church. Neither could conquer the other. For more than a thousand years, with occasional lulls, this conflict for spiritual ascendency, between the Patriarch and the Pope, has raged.

Under Gregory, the Britons were converted to Christianity. Passing through the slave market one day, he saw some beautiful British children offered for sale. Gregory did not believe in the divine authority of the Institution of selling children. Instead of sending slave ships for more slaves, he sent forth forty missionaries to England. In the course of two years he received the report that the King of Kent had accepted Christianity and that more than ten thousand of the natives, our savage ancestors, had been baptised.

The reign of Autharis was short. The Gauls being driven out of Italy and peace being restored, the dukes were anxious to regain the power they had delegated to the king. The easiest way to do this was to kill him. A cup of poison speedily accomplished this. But his beautiful widow married Theodilinda, the Lombard Duke of Turin, and he claimed the title, though he could grasp but few of the prerogitives of a king. Italy was in reality now but a peninsula of dukedoms. But the Duke of Turin, being one of the most wealthy and most powerful in extent of territory and population, was allowed to enjoy a nominal ascendency. Thus the years of time's sad drama rolled on, the dukes of Turin, some of whom were tolerably good, and others intolerably bad, continually struggling to add to their power while all the other dukes, each jealous of the rest, were striving to resist their encroachments. In the course of sixty years nineteen of these dukes of Turin, in succession, claimed the throne of Italy. Their names are not worth mentioning. But during all these years there were constant wars. The emperors at Constantinople were ever sending expeditions to southern Italy, hoping to reconquer the peninsula. The warlike Franks, from Gaul, were pouring their hordes through the defiles of the Alps, striving to annex Italy to France.

Thus generations came and went. Bird songs were drowned in the roar of war. Green fields and the flowers which God's smile had opened, were crimsoned with human gore. The skies of Italy, which our Heavenly Father has made so transcendently beautiful, as if he would have them over-arch his happy children, were darkened with the smoke of smouldering homes. Through all past time, as now, it is man's inhumanity to man which makes countless millions mourn. Two or three centuries thus passed away in Italy, and we might say the same of all the rest of the habitable globe, only illustrating the truth that

> "Sorrow is for the sons of men
> And weeping for earth's daughters."

But during all this time, while Italy remained but as a shattered vase, which no cement could repair, France was growing into a majestic power which promised to rival the ancient grandeur of the Cæsars. Towards the close of the eighth century, the majestic figure of Charlemagne looms up in the horizon. With conquering armies he swept over Italy, demolishing the feeble monarchy of the Lombards, and bringing all the Lombard dukes under vassal subjection to his sway. Leo III. was the Pope at Rome. The Popedom had gradually attained vast temporal, as well as spiritual, power. Charles the Great formed an alliance with Leo III. and organized anew, under his all powerful sceptre, the Western Empire. But France, not Italy, was the centre of this new power which now overshadowed the world. Charlemagne, in the Cathedral Church at Rome, proudly crowned himself monarch of the Western Empire. He placed upon his brow that famous *iron* crown, famous, sacred above all others, because amidst its gems and gold there was entwined some wire, made, it was believed, from the spikes which had pierced our Saviour's hand. The coronation of Charlemagne took place on Christmas day, in the year of our Lord 800.

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A CRIME THE LAW DOES NOT REACH.

Offences as heinous as any that the law punishes go "unwhipt of justice." A man suddenly kills his wife. It is murder. The law grasps him, holds him, tries him, sentences him, hangs him. There is nothing vindictive in the process. The wife-murderer is ignominiously put to death, not to avenge the victim, but in order that the wholesome fear engendered by his doom may deter others from committing the same crime. But the more cautious and infinitely more cruel villain who gradually persecutes to her death-bed his wedded helot—who wounds her a hundred times a day, until at last she sinks under the constant stabbing—what of him? The law takes no cognizance of his infernal doings. Within the precincts of the private torture-house he calls his home, no agent of justice intrudes. It is his castle. There he can *speak* daggers with impunity, provided he *uses* none, and pour malignant poison into his poor thrall's ears, drop by drop, without fear of human vengeance, if he only abstains from putting strychnine into her coffee or arsenic into her soup. The law requires the life of the malefactor who murders at a blow, but the wretch who thus slays by inches and tortures while he slays, it can neither control nor punish. If the execution of the red-handed felon is a *warning* to creatures of kindred instincts, the unpunished cruelty of the moral assassin who does his work slowly and deliberately, is no less an *encouragement* to married monsters of the same kidney as himself. The law that chokes the one to frighten that impulsive class of miscreants who are apt to do the Devil's work promptly, leaves the other untouched and unchallenged as a safe example to be followed by circumspect fiends, who are content to bide their time, satisfied that the means they use must eventually succeed.

Some of us perhaps have seen a case of protracted wife-murder in progress—have watched the uncomplaining victim as she faded away toward the land of shadows, growing weaker and weaker day by day, under a burden of wrong too heavy for a gentle spirit to bear. Nobody thinks of calling such an affair a homicide, though the pangs of a thousand knife-thrusts are nothing to the agonies which such a fate includes. It requires violence, blood, a coroner's inquest, and all the incidents of dramatic crime, to make society shudder. Of the quiet killings it makes no account, or merely shrugs its shoulders. Magistrates have no jurisdiction in such matters, and it is the easiest thing in the world for a heartless husband to get rid of a sensitive wife *respectably*, and without being in peril of the law.

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THE CONFLAGRATION STYLES.

The sidewalks are aflare with prismatic tints. One would think the ladies had been to the Orient and borrowed all the

> ———————"various dyes
> Of colored garbs, as bright as butterflies,"

that astonished the pirate Lambro when he unexpectedly dropt in upon his daughter and her lover at their sumptuous revels. Scarlet, gold and purple, crimson, amber and blue, adorn the sloping shoulders of our promenading belles. Some of them sport all these colors at once and have the appearance of being cloaked in rainbows. Then the feathers that flame torchwise in the fore-fronts of their fancy hats! Saw ye ever the like, oh! *sober* citizens of Gotham? Locomotive bonfires illuminate Broadway, and the plate-glass windows of the mantilla merchants dazzle us with their incendiary hues. Even the little girls have been transformed into Little Red Riding Hoods. "Motley's the only wear"—and such a motley! That *loud* color which the blind man compared to the sound of a trumpet is predominant; but flaming yellow is also popular, and burning blue mingles in the *flashy* show. When one sees a lady in deep mourning among the fashionable flambeaus, it gives one the impression that some fiery damsel has burned out, and been reduced to charcoal. The macaws at the bird fanciers "pale their ineffectual fires" in the presence of our gorgeous Birds of Beauty. Were Cowper alive to see this spectacle, he would be tempted to give us a new version of "Madam Blaze."

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—The ladies of New York seem to fancy the Russians immensely, not so much on account of their personal beauty, as by reason of their gallantry and skill in paying compliments. There is no denying that our Scandinavian friends have a hyperborean aspect, and show to disadvantage in photographs; "but, then, they are *so* gentlemanly," as the ladies say. Besides, there are legends of palaces in Russia which are waiting for countesses, duchesses, &c., and most of the officers of the Czar's fleet are said to be unmarried men. Of course, no American girl would be influenced by mercenary or ambitious considerations in so holy a thing as marriage; but the *patriotism* of our young ladies might have some effect towards inducing them to become Russian peeresses in the hope that in some crisis of the future they might favorably influence the relations of the two countries.

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—A couple of brothers got into a quarrel in the street the other day, and one of them becoming beside himself with rage, struck the other sharply in the face. The latter then retired some distance, was taken with convulsions and soon died. The survivor, supposing that he had killed his brother, was seized with the pangs of a remorse so excruciating that he became somewhat deranged and attempted to commit suicide. He was taken care of, however, and a *post mortem* examination of the deceased showing that he died from disease of the heart, relieved him of the terrible belief under which his reason had threatened to give way.

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—The Belgian pavement is a great improvement wherever introduced. Since it has been put down in Twenty-third street and the Ninth avenue, the Broadway and Twenty-third street line of stages carry nearly twice as many passengers as formerly. This improvement has made that one of the best and most profitable lines in the city; and we are glad of it, as we happen to know that the proprietors, (the Brothers McLellan,) are deserving, enterprising, good men.

VANISHED.

BY ALICE CARY.

Out of the wild and weary night
I see the morning softly rise,
But O my lovely, lovely eyes!
The world is dim without your light.

I see the young buds break and start
To fresher life when frosts are o'er,
But O my rose-red mouth! no more
Will kiss of yours delight my heart.

The worm that knows nor hope nor trust
Comes forth with glorious wings dispread,
But O my little golden head!
I see you only in the dust.

I hear the calling of the lark,
Despite the cloud, despite the rain;
But O my snow-white hands! in vain
I search to find you through the dark.

When the strong whirlwind's rage is o'er,
A whisper bids the land rejoice;
But O my gentle, gentle voice!
Your music gladdens me no more.

But though no earthly joy dispel
This gloom that fills my life with woe,
My sweetest, and my best! I know
That you are still alive and well.

Alive and well: O blissful thought!
In some sweet clime, I know not where;
I only know that you are there,
And sickness, pain and death are not.

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SELF-MADE;
OR,
"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXV.

WHY CLAUDIA WAS ALONE.

Be not amazed at life. 'Tis still
The mode of God with his elect:
Their hopes exactly to fulfil,
In times and ways they least expect.

Who marry as they choose, and choose
Not as they ought, they mock the priest,
And leaving out obedience lose
The finest flavor of the feast.
COVENTRY PATMORE.

Ishmael stood transfixed to the spot,—for a moment,—and then breaking the spell with which the sound of Claudia's voice had bound him, he passed into the hall, took his hat from the rack, and said to Jim, who was still in attendance there:

"Give my respects to your master and say that I have an engagement this evening that obliges me to withdraw. And give him my adieux."

"But, Mr. Ishmael, sir, you will wait for tea. Lady Vincent is here, sir, just arrived—" began Jim, with the affectionate freedom of a petted servant.

But Ishmael had left the hall, to keep his promise of spending the evening with Reuben and Hannah.

Claudia, standing by her father's side in the library, had also heard the sound of Ishmael's voice, as he spoke to the servant in the hall; and she suddenly ceased talking and looked as if turned to stone.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" inquired the judge, surprised at the panic into which she had been cast.

"Papa, he here!" she said.

"Who?"

"Ishmael!"

"Yes! Why?"

"Papa, make some excuse and get rid of him. I must not, cannot, will not meet him now!" she exclaimed, in a half breathless voice of ill-suppressed excitement.

The judge looked at his daughter, wistfully, painfully, for a moment, and then, as something like the truth in regard to Claudia's feelings broke upon him, he replied very gravely:

"My dear, you need not meet him; and he has saved me the embarrassment of sending him away. He has gone, if I mistake not."

"If you 'mistake' not! There must be no question of this, sir! See! and if he has not gone, tell him to go diretly!"

"Claudia!!"

"Oh, papa, I am nearly crazy! Go!"

The judge stepped out into the hall and made the necessary inquiries.

And Jim gave Ishmael's message.

With this the judge returned to Claudia.

"He is gone. And now, my dear, I wish to know why it is that you are here alone? I never in my life heard of such a thing! Where is Vincent?"

"Papa, I am nearly fainting with fatigue! Will you ring for one of the women to show Ruth my room? I suppose I have my old one?" she said, throwing herself back in her chair.

"Why—no, my dear; I fancy I saw Katy and the maids decorating the suit of rooms on the opposite side of the hall on this floor, for you! I'll see."

"Anywhere, anywhere—'*out of the world*,'" sighed Claudia, as the judge sharply rang the bell.

Jim answered it.

"Tell Katy to show Lady Vincent's maid to her ladyship's chamber, and do you see the luggage taken there."

Jim bowed and turned to go.

"Stop," said the judge. "Claudia, my dear, what refreshment will you take before you go up? A glass of wine? a cup of tea?" he inquired, looking anxiously upon the harassed countenance and languid figure of his daughter.

"A cup of coffee, papa, if they have any ready; if not, anything they can bring quickest."

"A cup of coffee for Lady Vincent in one minute, ready or not ready!" was the somewhat unreasonable command of the judge.

Jim disappeared to deliver all his master's orders.

And it seemed that the coffee was ready, for he almost immediately re-appeared bearing a tray with the service arranged upon it.

"Is it strong, Jim?" inquired Claudia, as she raised the cup to her lips.

"Yes, miss—ma'am—my ladyship, I mean!" said poor Jim, who was excessively bothered by Claudia's new title and the changes that were rung upon it.

The coffee must have been strong, to judge by its effects upon Claudia.

"Take it away," she said, after having drank two cupfulls. "Papa, I feel better; and while Ruth is unpacking my clothes, I may just as well sit here and tell you why, if indeed I really *know* why, I am here alone. We were at Niagara, where we had intended to remain throughout this month of September. All the world seemed to know where we were and how long we intended to stay; for you are aware how absurdly we democratic and republican Americans worship rank and title; and how certain our reporters would be to chronicle the movements of Lord and Lady Vincent," said Claudia, with that air of world-scorn and self-scorn in which she often indulged.

"Well! Lady Vincent cannot consistently find fault with that," said the judge, with a covert smile.

"Because Lady Vincent shares the folly or has shared it," said Claudia; "but Lord Vincent certainly *did* find fault with it: great fault; much greater fault than was necessary, I thought, and grumbled incessantly at our custom of registering names at the hotels, and at 'American snobbery and impertinence' generally."

"Bless his impudence! Who sent for him?"

"Papa, we should have quarrelled upon this subject in our honeymoon, if I had had respect enough for him to hold any controversy with him!"

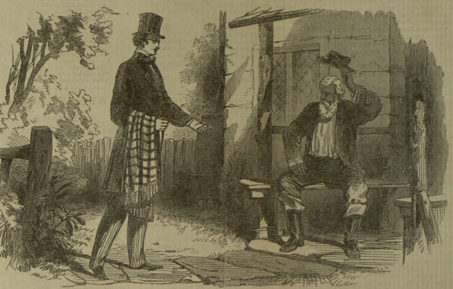
"Claudia!"

"Well, I cannot help it, papa! I must speak out somewhere and to some one! Where so well as here in the woods; and to whom so well as to you?"

"You have not yet told me why you are here alone. And I assure you, Claudia, that the fact gives me uneasiness; it is unusual! unprecedented!"

"I am telling you, papa. One morning while we were still at Niagara, I was sitting alone in our private parlor, when our mail was brought in—your letter for me, and three letters for 'my lord.' Of the latter the first bore the postmark of Banff, the second that of Liverpool and the third that of New York. They were all superscribed by the same hand, a delicate female hand; all were evidently from the same person. After turning them over and over in my hand and in my mind, I came to the conclusion that the first dated was written to announce the writer as starting upon a journey; the second to announce the embarkment at Liverpool; and the third, the arrival at New York; and that these letters though posted at different times and places had by the irregularities of the ocean mails, happened to arrive at their final destination the same day. Lord Vincent has a mother and several sisters; yet I felt very sure that the letters never came from either of them; because in fact I had seen the handwriting of each in their letters to him. While I was still wondering over these rather mysterious letters, my lord lounged into the room.

"I handed him the letters; the Banff one being on the top. As soon as he saw the handwriting, he gave vent to various exclamations of annoyance, such as I had never heard from a gentleman and scarcely ever expected to hear from a Lord. 'Bosh!' 'Bother!' 'Here's a go,' 'Set fire to her,' etc., being among the most harmless and refined. But presently he saw the post marks of Liverpool and New York on the other letters, and after tearing them open and devouring their contents, he gave way to a fury of passion that positively appalled me. Papa! he cursed and swore like a pirate in a storm!"



ISHMAEL VISITS AN OLD FRIEND.

"*At you?*"

"At me? I think not," answered Claudia, haughtily;—"but at some person or persons unknown. However, as he forgot himself so far as to give vent to his passion in my presence I got up and retired to my chamber. Presently he came in, gracefully apologized for his violence; did not explain the cause of it however; but requested me to give orders for the packing of our trunks, and be ready to leave for New York in one hour."

"Did he give you no reason for his sudden movement?"

"Not until I inquired; then he gave me the general, convenient, unsatisfactory reason, 'business.' In an hour we were off to New York. But now, papa, comes the singular part of the affair. When we reached the city, instead of driving to one of the best hotels, as had always been his custom, he drove to quite an inferior place, and registered our names—'Captain and Mrs. Jenkins.'"

"What on earth did he do that for?"

"How can I tell? When I made the same inquiry of him, he merely answered that he was tired of being trumpeted to the world, by these 'impertinent Yankee reporters!' The next day he left me alone in that stupid place and went out on his 'business' whatever that was! And when he returned in the evening he told me that the 'business' was happily concluded, and that we might as well go on at once to Washington and Tanglewood, to pay our promised visit to you. I very readily acceded to that proposition, for, papa, I was pining to see you!"

"My dear child!" said the judge with emotion.

"So next morning we started for the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Station. We were in good time and were just comfortably seated in one of the best cars, when Lord Vincent caught sight of some one on the platform. And papa, with a muttered curse he started up and hurried from the car, throwing behind to me the hasty words, 'I'll be back soon.' Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and he did not come! And while I was still anxiously looking for him, the train started. It was the express and came all the way through! And that is why myself and attendants are here alone."

"All this seems very strange, Claudia!" said the judge with a troubled countenance.

"Yes, very."

"What do you make of it? of course, you, knowing more of the circumstances, are better able to judge than I am."

"Papa, I do not know!"

"Who was it that he caught sight of on the platform?"

"A tall, handsome, imperious looking woman, between thirty and forty years of age, I should say; a sort of Cleopatra; very dark, very richly dressed. She was looking at him intently when he caught sight of her and rushed out as I said."

"And you can make nothing of it?"

"Nothing! I do not know whether he missed the train by design or accident; or whether he is at this moment on board the cars steaming to Washington or on board one of the ocean packets, steaming to Liverpool."

"A bad, bad business, Claudia! all this grieves me much! You have been but two months married and you return to me alone and your husband is among the missing! a bad, bad business, Claudia!" said the judge, very gravely.

"Not so bad as your words would seem to imply, papa. At least I hope not! I am inclined to think the detention was accidental; and that Lord Vincent will arrive by the next boat," said Claudia.

"But how coolly and dispassionately you speak of an uncertainty that would drive any other woman almost mad! At this moment you do not know whether you are abandoned or not and to be candid with you, you do not seem to care!" said the judge, austerely.

"Papa, what I paid down my liberty for, this rank I mean, is safe! And so whether he goes or stays I am Lady Vincent; and nothing but death can prevent my becoming Countess of Hurstmonceaux and a peeress of England," said Claudia defiantly as she arose and drew her shawl around her shoulders, and looked about herself.

"What is it that you want my dear?" inquired the judge.

"Nothing! I was taking a view of the old familiar objects! How much has happened since I saw them last! It seems to me as if many years had passed since that time. Well, papa, I suppose Ruth has unpacked and put away my clothes by this time and so I will leave you for the present."

And with a weary, listless air, Claudia left the room and turned to go up stairs.

"Not there! not there, my dear, I told you. The rooms on this floor have been prepared for you!" said the judge, who had followed her to the door.

With a sigh Claudia turned and crossed the hall and entered the "parlor-chamber," as the large bed-room adjoining the morning room was called.

Ruth was hanging the last dresses in the wardrobe, and Jim was shouldering the last empty trunk to take it away.

"I have left out the silver grey glacé, for you to wear this evening, if you please, my lady," said Ruth, indicating the dress that lay upon the bed.

"That will do, Ruth!" answered her mistress, whose thoughts were now not on dresses, but on that time when Ishmael, for her sake, lay wounded, bleeding and almost dying on that very bed.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

HOLIDAY.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Good bye to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

With every nerve, vein and artery throbbing with excitement, Ishmael hurried away from the house that contained Claudia.

The solitary walk through the thick woods calmed his emotion, before he reached Woodside.

He found a tidy room, a tempting tea-table and smiling faces waiting to welcome him.

"That's my boy!" exclaimed Reuben, coming forward and grasping his hand; "I telled Hannah to keep the tea back a spell, 'cause I knowed you wouldn't disappoint us."

"As if I ever thought you would, Ishmael! Reuben is always prophesying things that can't fail to come true, like the rising of the sun in the east every day, and so forth! And he expects to get credit for his foresight," said Hannah, taking her seat before the steaming tea-pot, and calling upon the others to sit down.

"Well, that was rayther a surprise, as met you and the judge, when you comed home from church, wasn't it?" inquired Reuben, as he began to cut slices from the cold ham.

"You knew of the arrival, then?" questioned Ishmael.

"Why, bless you, yes! Why, laws you know the carriage passed right by here, and stopped to water the hosses, afore going on to Tanglewood. But look here! There was nobody in it but Mrs. Vincent—blame my head!—I mean Mrs. Lord Vincent—and her city maid."

"*Lady* Vincent, Reuben! how many times will I have to tell you that," said Hannah, impatiently.

"All right, Hannah, my dear; I'll remember next time! Ishmael, my boy, I think you got all your interlects from Hannah! You sartainly didn't get 'em from *me*. Well, as I was a-saying-of, there was no one inside except Mrs. Lord—I mean Mrs. Lady Vincent and her city waiting-maid. And on the outside, a-sitting a longside o' the driver was a gentleman, as Jim as happened to be here introduced to me as Mr. Frisbie, Lord Vincent's vallysham, whatever that may be."

"Body-servant, Reuben," said his monitress.

"Servant! Well, if *he* was a servant, I don't know nothink! Why, there aint a gentleman in S' Mary's County as dresses as fine and puts on as many airs!"

"That is quite likely, Uncle Reuben; but for all that, Frisbie is Lord Vincent's servant," said Ishmael.

"Well, hows'ever that may be, there he was alongside o' the driver. But what staggers of me is, that there wa'n't no Lord Vincent no where to be seen! He was 'mong the missin'. And that was the rummest go, as ever was! A new bride a comin' home to her 'pa without no bride groom. And so I jest axed Mr. Frisbie, Esquire, and he telled me how his lordship missed the trail! What trail! And what business had he to be offen the trail, when his wife was on it? That's what I want to know! And any ways it's the rummest go as ever was! Did you hear anythink about it, Ishmael?"

"I chanced to overhear Lady Vincent say to her father—that she was alone. That was all. I did not even see her ladyship."

"Well, now, that's *another* rum go! Didn't wait to see her! And you sich friends? Owtch! Oh! Ah!—What's that for, Hannah? You've trod on my toe and ground it a' most to powder! Ah!"

"If your foot is as soft as your head, no wonder every touch hurts it!" snapped Mrs. Gray.

"Law, what a temper she *have* got, Ishmael!" said poor Reuben, caressing his afflicted foot.

Hannah had effected the diversion she intended, and soon after gave the signal for rising from the table. And she took good care during the rest of the evening that the subject of Lord and Lady Vincent should not be brought upon the tapis.

The next morning being Monday, Ishmael accompanied Reuben in his rounds over his own little farm, and the great Tanglewood estate, to see the improvements. The "durrum" cow and calf and the "shank-hye" fowls received due notice. And the first ripe bunches of the "hambug" grapes were plucked in the visitor's honor.

In the afternoon they went down to the oyster banks, and amused themselves with watching Sam rake the oysters and load the cart.

They returned to a late tea.

It was while they were sitting out on the vine-shaded porch, enjoying their usual evening chat under the star-lit sky, that they heard the sound of approaching wheels.

And in a few moments afterwards a carriage drew up at the gate.

Reuben walked up to see who was within it. And Ishmael heard the voice of Lord Vincent, inquiring:

"Is this the best road to Tanglewood?"

"Well, yes, sir; I do s'pose it's the best, if any can be called the best where none on 'em is good, but every one on 'em as bad as bad can be!" was the encouraging answer.

"Drive on!" said Lord Vincent. And the carriage rolled out of sight into the forest road.

After all, then, the viscount had not absconded. He probably had missed the train. But *why* had he missed it? That was still the question.

On Tuesday morning, Ishmael took leave of Hannah and Reuben, promising to stop and spend another day and night with them on his return to Washington; and mounted on a fine horse, borrowed from Reuben, with his knapsack behind him, started for the Beacon.

It was yet early in the forenoon when he arrived at that cool promontory where the refreshing sea-breezes met him.

As he rode up to the house, that you know fronted the water, he saw Bee, blooming and radiant with youth and beauty, out on the front lawn with her younger sisters and brothers.

Their restless glances caught sight of him first; and they all exclaimed at once:

"Here's Ishmael, Bee! here's Ishmael, Bee!" and ran off to meet him.

Bee impulsively started to run too, but checked herself, and stood, blushing but eager, waiting until Ishmael dismounted and came to greet her.

She met him with a warm, silent welcome, and then, looking at him suddenly, said:

"You are so much better; you are quite well! I am so glad, Ishmael!"

"Yes, I am well and happy, dearest Bee! thanks to you and to heaven!" said Ishmael, warmly pressing her hands again to his lips, before turning to embrace the children, who were jumping around him.

Then they all went into the house, where Mr. and Mrs. Middleton met him with an equally cordial welcome.

"And how did you leave the family at Tanglewood? Family, said I? Ah! there is no family there now; no one left but the old judge. How is he? And when is Claudia and her lordling expected back?" inquired Mr. Middleton, when they were all seated near one of the sea-view windows.

"The judge is well. Lord and Lady Vincent are with him," replied Ishmael.

And then, in answer to their exclamations of surprise, he told all he knew of the unexpected arrival.

A luncheon of fruit, cream, cake and wine was served, and the welcome guest was pressed to partake of it.

Ishmael tasted and enjoyed all except the wine—that, faithful to his vow, he avoided, and was rewarded by a sympathetic look from Bee.

This was one of the bright days of Ishmael's life. Nowhere did he feel so much at home, or so happy, as with these kind friends. They had an early sea-side dinner—fish, crabs, oysters and water-fowl forming a large portion of the bill of fare. Luscious, freshly gathered fruits composed the dessert. After dinner, as the evening was clear and bright, the wind fresh and the waters calm, they went for a sail down to Silver Sands, and returned by star-light.

Ishmael remained all the week at the Beacon. And it was a week of rare enjoyment to him. He passed nearly all his time with Bee and her inseparable companions, the children. He helped them with the lessons in the school-room in the morning; he went nutting with them in the woods, or strolling with them on the beach; and he gave himself up to the task of amusing them during the hour after the lamp was lighted that they were permitted to sit up.

All this was due partly to his desire to be with his betrothed, and partly to his genial love of children

About the middle of the week, as they were all seated at breakfast one morning, missives came from Tanglewood to the Beacon—invitations to dine there the following Wednesday evening. These invitations included Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Beatrice and Ishmael.

"You will go, of course, Worth?" said Mr. Middleton.

"I am due at Brudenell Hall on Tuesday evening, and I must keep my appointment," smiled Ishmael.

"Well, I suppose that settles it, for I never knew you to break an appointment, under any sort of temptation," said Mr. Middleton.

And Bee, who well understood why, even had Ishmael's time been at his own disposal, he should not have gone to Tanglewood, silently acquiesced.

On this day Ishmael sought an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, and besought them, as his present income and future prospects equally justified him in taking a wife, to fix some day, not very distant, for his marriage with Bee.

But the father and mother assured him, in the firmest though the most affectionate manner, that at least one year, if not two, must elapse before they could consent to part with their dear daughter.

Ishmael most earnestly deprecated the two years of probation, and finally compromised for one year, during which he should be permitted to correspond freely with his betrothed, and visit her at will.

With this Ishmael rested satisfied.

The remainder of the week passed delightfully to him.

Mrs. Middleton took the children off Bee's hands for a few days, to leave her to some enjoyment of her lover's visit.

And every morning and afternoon Ishmael and Bee rode or walked together, through the old forest or along the pebbly beach. Sometimes they had a sail to some fine point on the shore. Their evenings were passed in the drawing-room, with Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, and were employed in music, books and conversation.

And so the pleasant days slipped by and brought the Sabbath, when all the family went together to the old Shelton church.

Monday was the last day of his visit, and he passed it almost exclusively in the society of Bee. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Middleton left them alone in the drawing-room, that they might say their last kind words to each other, unembarrassed by the presence of others.

And on Tuesday morning Ishmael mounted his horse, and started for Brudenell.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

ISHMAEL AT BRUDENELL.

God loves no heart to others iced,
Nor erring flatteries which bedim
Our glorious membership in Christ,
Wherein all loving His, love Him.
M. F. TUPPER.

It was a long day's ride from the Beacon to Brudenell Hall. The greater length of the road lay through the forest. It was, in fact, the very same route traversed, five years before, by Reuben Gray, when he brought Hannah and Ishmael from the Hill Hut to Woodside.

Ishmael thought of that time, as he ambled on through the leafy wilderness.

At noon he stopped at a rural inn, to feed and rest his horse, and refresh himself, and an hour afterwards he mounted and resumed his journey.

It was near sunset when he came in sight of the bay and the village to which it gave the name of Baymouth. How well he remembered the last time he had been at that village—when he had run that frantic race to catch the sleigh which was carrying Claudia away from him, and had fallen in a swoon at the sight of the steamer that was bearing her off.

How many changes had taken place since then! Claudia was a viscountess; he was a successful barrister; their love a troubled dream of the past.

He rode through Baymouth, looking left and right, at the old familiar shops and signs that had been the wonder and amusement of his childhood; and at many new shops and signs that the march of progress had brought down even to Baymouth.

He paused a moment to gaze at Hamlin's book store, that had been the paradise of his boyhood; and he recalled that noteworthy day in August when, while standing before Hamlin's window, staring at the books, he had first been accosted by Mr. Middleton, afterwards assaulted by Alfred Burghe, and finally defended by Claudia Merlin. Claudia was noble then—but ah! how ignoble now.

He passed on, unrecognized by any one, first because the years between the ages of seventeen, when he was last there, and twenty-one, when he was now there, really had wrought serious changes in his personal appearance, and secondly, because no one was just then expecting to see Ishmael Worth at all, and least of all in the person of the tall, distinguished-looking, and well-mounted stranger, who came riding through their town, and taking the road to Brudenell.

Every foot of that road was rich in memories to Ishmael. Over it he had ridden, in Mr. Middleton's carriage, on that fateful day of his first meeting with Claudia.

Over it he had travelled, weary and footsore, through the snow, to sell his precious book to buy tea for Hannah.

And over it he had again flashed in Mr. Middleton's sleigh, happy in the possession of his recovered treasure.

Twilight was deepening into dark when he reached that point in the road where the little footpath diverged from it and led up to the Hill Hut.

No! he could not pass this by. The path was wide enough to admit the passage of a horse. He turned up it, and rode on until he came in sight of the hut.

It was but little changed. It is astonishing how long these little lonely dilapidated houses hold on if let alone.

He alighted, tied his horse to a tree, and walked up behind the house, where, under the old elm, he saw the low head-stone gleaming dimly in the star-light.

He knelt and bowed his head over it for a little while. Then he arose and stood with folded arms, gazing thoughtfully down upon it. Finally he murmured to himself: "Not here, but risen;" and turned and left the spot.

He went to the tree where he had tied his horse, remounted, and rode on his way.

Again he passed down the narrow path leading back to the broad turnpike road that wound around the brow of the hills to Brudenell Hall.

Here also every yard of the road was redolent of past associations.

How often, while self-apprenticed to the "Professor of Odd Jobs," he had passed up and down this road, carrying a basket of tools behind his master!

At length he came to the cross-roads, and to the turn-style, where he had once seen and been accosted by the beautiful Countess of Hurstmonceaux.

He rode past this spot, and taking the lower arm of the road, entered upon the Brudenell grounds.

A very short ride brought him to the semi-circular avenue leading to the house.

It was now quite dark; but the front of the house was lighted up, holding forth, as it were, its hands in invitation and welcome.

As he rode up and dismounted, a servant came and took his horse.

And as he walked up the front steps, Mr. Brudenell came out of the front door and holding out his hand said cordially:

"You are welcome, my dear Ishmael! I received your letter this morning, and I have been looking for you all the afternoon!"

"And I am very glad to get here at last, sir!" said Ishmael, returning the fervent pressure of his father's hands.

"Come up, my boy! Felix! go before us with the light to the room prepared for Mr. Worth," he said to a mulatto boy who was waiting in the hall.

Felix immediately led the way up-stairs to a large back room, whose windows overlooked the star-lit, dew-spangled garden; and which Ishmael at once recognized as the happy school-room of his boyhood; now transformed into his bed-room. He welcomed the old familiar walls with all his heart; he was glad to be in them.

Mr. Brudenell himself took care that Ishmael had everything he was likely to want, and then he left him.

When Ishmael had changed his dress, he went below to the drawing room, where he found his father waiting. The late dinner was immediately served.

Old Jovial, who on account of his age and infirmity had been left to vegetate on the estate, waited on the table.

He stole wistful glances at the strange young man who was his master's guest, and who some how or other, reminded him of somebody whom he felt he ought to remember, but knew he could not.

At length Ishmael, attracted by his covert regards, looked at him in return, and in spite of his bowed and shrunken form, and thinned and whitened hair, recognized the old friend of his boyhood, and exclaimed as he offered his hand:

"Why, Jovial, it is never you!"

"Mr. Ishmael, sir, it's never you!" returned the old man with a grin of joyful recognition.

They shook hands, then and there.

And old Jovial showed his increased regard for the guest by continually proffering bread, vegetables, meat, poultry, pepper, salt, in short everything in succession over and over again, thereby effectually preventing Ishmael from eating his dinner, by compelling his constant attention to these offerings; until at length Mr. Brudenell interfered and brought him to reason.

The next morning Mr. Brudenell proposed to Ishmael to go out for a day's shooting. And accordingly they took their fowling-pieces, called the dogs and started for the wooded valley where game most abounded.

They spent the day pleasantly, bagged many birds, and returned home to a late dinner; and the evening closed as before.

"What would you like to do with yourself this morning, Ishmael?" inquired Mr. Brudenell, as they were seated at breakfast on Thursday.

"I wish to go in search of a valued old friend of mine, known in this neighborhood as the Professor of Odd Jobs," was the reply.

"Oh, Morris! Yes! You will find him, I fancy, in the old place, just on the south edge of the estate," replied Mr. Brudenell.

And when they arose from the table, the latter went out and mounted his horse to ride to the post-office, for Herman Brudenell's establishment was now reduced to so small a number of servants that he was compelled to be his own post-man. To be plain with you, there were but two servants—old Jovial, who was gardener, coachman, and waiter; and old Dinah, his wife, who was cook, laundress, and chambermaid.

Felix, the lad mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, was scarcely to be called one, upon account of the mental imbecility that confined his usefulness to such simple duties as running little errands from room to room about the house.

So Mr. Brudenell rode off to the post-office, and Ishmael walked off to the cottage occupied by Jim Morris.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE PROFESSOR OF ODD JOBS.

An ancient man, hoary gray with eld. Dante.

The little house was situated right at the foot of the hill south of Brudenell Hall.

Ishmael approached it from behind and walked around to the front. He opened the little wooden gate of the front yard, and saw seated in the front door, injoying that early autumn morning, a stalwarth old man, whose well-marked features and high forehead were set in a rim of hair and beard as white as snow. A most respectable and venerable-looking form indeed, though the raiment that clothed it was old and patched. But Ishmael had to look again before he could recognize in this reverend personage the Professor of Odd Jobs.

A curiosity to know whether the Professor would recognize *him*, induced Ishmael to approach him as a stranger. As he came into the yard, however, Morris arose slowly and lifting his old felt hat, bowed courteously to the supposed stranger.

"Your name is Morris, I believe," said Ishmael, by way of opening a conversation.

But at the first word the Professor started and gazed at his visitor, and exclaiming:

"Young Ishmael! Oh, my dear boy! how glad I am to see you once more before I die!" burst into tears.

Ishmael went straight into his embrace and the old odd job man pressed the young gentleman to his honest, affectionate heart.

"You knew me at once, Professor," said Ishmael, affectionately.

"Knew you, my boy!" burst out the old man, with enthusiasm. "Why I knew you as soon as ever you looked at me and spoke to me. I knew you by your steady smiling eyes and by your rich, sweet voice, Young Ishmael. No one has a look and a tone like yours."

"You think so because you like me, Professor."

"And how you have grown! And they tell me that you have risen to be a great lawyer? I knew it was in you to do it!" said the Professor, holding the young man off and gazing at him with all a father's pride.

"By the blessing of Heaven, I have been successful, dear old friend," said Ishmael, affectionately; "but how has it been with you, all these years?" he asked.

"How has it been with me? Ah, young Ishmael—I should say 'Mr. Worth!'"

"Young Ishmael, Professor."

"No, no; 'Mr. Worth!' I shall love you none the less by honoring you more! And with me you are henceforth 'Mr. Worth!'"

"As you please, Professor. But I hope it has been well with you all these years?"

"Come in, Mr. Worth, and sit down and I will tell you."

The Professor led the way into the humble dwelling. It was as neat as ever, with its sanded floor, flag-bottom chairs and pine tables—all of the Professor's manufacture—and its bright tinware and clean crockery ranged in order on its well-scrubbed shelves.

But its look of solitude struck a chill upon Ishmael's spirits.

"Where are they all, Professor?" he inquired.

"Gone, Mr. Worth," answered Morris, solemnly, as he placed a chair for his guest.

"Gone! not dead!" exclaimed Ishmael, dropping into the offered seat.

"Not all dead, but all gone," answered the Professor, sadly, letting himself sink into a seat near Ishmael.

"Your wife?" inquired the young man.

"There—and there," answered the Professor, pointing first down and then up; "her body is in the earth; her soul in Heaven, I hope."

"And your daughters, Professor?" inquired Ishmael, in a voice of sympathy.

"Both married, Mr. Worth. Ann Maria married Lewis Digges, old Commodore Burghe's boy that he set free before he died, and they have moved up to Washington to better themselves, and they're doing right well, as I hear. He drives a hack and she clear starches. They have three children, two girls and a boy. I have never seen one of them yet."

"And your other daughter?"

"Mary Ellen? She married Henry Parsons, a free man, by trade a blacksmith, and they live at St. Inigoes. They have one child, a boy. I haven't seen them either since they have been married."

"And you are quite alone?" said Ishmael, in a tender voice.

"Quite alone, Young Ishmael," answered the Professor, who forgot on this occasion to call his sometime pupil Mr. Worth.

"And how is business, Professor?"

"Business has fallen off considerably; indeed I may say it has fallen off altogether."

"I am very sorry to hear it. How is that, Professor?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Worth, it's falling off is the natural result of time and progress, of which I cannot complain, and at which I ought to rejoice. It was all very well for the neighborhood to patronize a Jack of all trades like me, when there was nothing better to be had; but now you see there are lots of regular mechanics been gradually coming down and settling here—carpenters and stone-masons and painters and glaziers and plumbers and tinners and saddlers and shoe-makers, and what not! Law, why, you might have seen their signs as you rode through Baymouth."

"I did."

"Well, you see these mechanics, they have journeymen and apprentices with their trades at their fingers' ends, and they can do their work, not only easier and quicker and better than I can, but even cheaper. So I cannot complain that they have taken the custom of the neighborhood from me."

"Professor, I really do admire the justice and forbearance of your nature."

"Well, Young Ishmael, there was another thing! I was getting too old to tramp miles and miles through the country with a heavy pack on my back, as I used to do."

"Well then I hope you have saved a little money, at least, old friend, to make you comfortable in your old age," said Ishmael, feelingly.

The poor, old, odd job man looked up with a humorous twinkle in his eye as he replied:

"Why, law, Young Ishmael, the idea of my saving money! When had I ever any chance to do it in the best o' days? Why, Ishmael, they say how ministers of the gospel and teachers of youth are the worst paid men in the community; but I think, judging by my own case, that Professors are quite as poorly remunerated. It used to take everything I could rake and scrape to keep my family together; and so, Young Ishmael, I haven't saved a dollar."

"Is that so?" asked Ishmael, in a voice of pain.

"True as Gospel, Young Ishmael—Mr. Worth."

"How then do you manage to live, Morris? I ask this from the kindest feelings."

"Don't I know it, Young—Mr. Worth. Well, sir, I do an odd job once and a while yet, for the colored people, and that keeps me from starving," said the Professor, with a smile.

Ishmael fell into deep thought for a while and then lifting his head, said:

"Well, Professor, you have been in your day and generation, as useful a man to your fellow-creatures as any other in this world. You have contributed as much to the comfort and well being of the community in which you live as any other member of it! And you should not and you *shall* not be left in your old age, either to suffer from want or to live on charity—"

"I may suffer for want, Mr. Worth, but I never will consent to live on charity!" said the odd job man with dignity.

"That I am sure you never will, Professor; though mind! I do not believe it to be any degradation to live by charity when one can not live in any other way! For if all men are brethren should not the able brother help the disabled brother and that without humbling him?"

"Yes, but I am not disabled, Young—Mr. Worth! I am only disused."

"That is very true! And therefore I spoke as I did when I said just now that you should not suffer from want, nor live by charity! Listen to me, Professor. I have a proposition to make to you. Your daughters are all married and your work is done; you are alone and idle here. But you are not a mere animal to be tied down to one spot of earth by local attachment. You are a very intelligent man with a progressive mind. You will never stop improving, Professor. You have improved very much in the last few years. I notice it in your conversation—"

"I am glad you think so, Young—Mr. Worth! but I'm getting aged."

"What of that? You are 'travelling towards the light' and after improving all your life here, you will go on progressing through all eternity."

"Well, sir, that thought ought to be a great comfort to an old man."

"Yes! Now what I want to propose to you is this—I think you love me, Professor?"

"Love you, Young—Mr. Worth! Why the Lord in Heaven bless your dear heart, I love you better than I do anything on the face of the earth, and that's a fact," said the Professor, with his face all in a glow of feeling.

And all who knew him might have known that he spoke truth; for though he was not in the least degree deficient in affection for his daughters, yet his love of Ishmael amounted almost to idolatry.

"Dear old friend I will prove to you some day, how high a value I set upon your love. I think, Professor, that loving me, as you do, you could live happily with me?"

"What did you say, Young—Mr. Worth? I did not quite understand."

"I will be plain, Professor. You have lived out your present life here; it is gone! Now instead of vegetating on here any longer, come into another sphere, a more enlarged and active sphere, where your thoughts as well as your hands will find employment and your mind as well as your body have food."

"How is that to be done, Young—Mr. Worth?"

"Come with me to Washington. I have a suit of three very pleasant rooms in the house where I board. Now suppose you come and live with me and take care of my rooms? Your services would be worth a good liberal salary, from which you would be enabled to live very comfortably and save money."

"What, Young Ishmael! *Me! I* go to Washington and live with you all the time, day and night, under one roof! and live where I can get books and newspapers and hear lectures and debates and see pictures and models, and in short come at everything I have been longing to reach all my life?"

"Yes, Professor, that is what I propose to you."

"There! I used to say that you'd live to be a blessing to my declining years, Young—Mr. Worth, (I declare I'll not forget myself again) Mr. Worth! there! Do you really mean it, sir?"

"Really and truly."

"There then, I am not agoing to be a hypocrite and pretend to higgle-haggle about it! I'll go sir! and be proud to do it! it will be taking a new lease of life for me to go! Do you know I never was in a large city in all my life, though I have always longed to go? Well, sir, I'll go with you! And I will serve you faithfully, sir; for mine will be a service for love more than for money. And I will never forget the proprieties so far as to call you anything else but 'Mr. Worth,' or 'sir' in the presence of others, sir, though my heart does betray me into calling you Young Ishmael sometimes here."

"I shall leave here on Saturday morning. Can you be ready to go with me as soon as that?"

"Of course I can, Mr. Worth. There's nothing for me to do in the way of preparation, but to pack my knapsack and lock my door," answered this "Rough and Ready."

"Very well, then, Professor, I like your promptitude. Meet me at Brudenell Hall on Saturday morning at seven o'clock and in the meantime I will find a conveyance for you."

"All right; thank you, sir; I will be ready."

And Ishmael shook hands with the Professor and departed, leaving him hopeful and happy.

At the dinner-table that day, being questioned by his father, Ishmael told him of the retainer he had engaged.

"Ah, my dear boy! it is just like you to burden yourself with the presence and support of that poor old man, and persuade him,—and yourself, too, perhaps—that you are securing the services of an invaluable assistant. And all with no other motive than his welfare," said Mr. Brudenell.

"Indeed, sir, I think it will add to my own happiness to have Morris with me. I like and esteem the old man; and I believe that he really will be of much use to me," replied his son.

"Well, I hope so, Ishmael! I hope so."

There was through all his talk a pre-occupied air about Mr. Brudenell that troubled his son, who at last said:

"I hope, sir, that you have received no unpleasant news by this mail?"

"Oh, no! no, Ishmael! but I have had on my mind for several days something of which I wish to speak to you——"

"Yes, sir?"

"Ishmael, since I have been down here, I have followed your counsel. I have gone about among my tenants and dependants, and—without making inquiries—I have led them to speak of the long period of my absence from my little kingdom, and of the manner in which Lady Hurstmonceaux administered its affairs. And, Ishmael, I have heard but one account of her. With one voice the community here accord her the highest praise."

"I told you so, sir."

"As a wife, though an abandoned one, as mistress of the house, and as Lady of the Manor, she seems to have performed all her duties in the most unexceptionable manner."

"Every one knows that, sir."

"But still remains the charge not yet refuted!"

"Because you have given her no chance to refute it, sir. Be just! Put her on her defence, and my word for it she will exonerate herself," said Ishmael, earnestly.

Mr. Brudenell shook his head.

"There are some things, Ishmael, that on the very face of them admit of no defence!" said Mr. Brudenell, with an emphasis that put an end to the conversation.

Punctually at seven o'clock, Saturday, the Professor, accoutred for a journey with knapsack on his back, presented himself at the servants' door at Brudenell Hall.

His arrival being announced, Ishmael came out to meet him.

"Well, here I am, Mr. Worth; though how I am to travel I don't know. I have walked, by faith, so far!" he said.

"All right, Professor. Mr. Brudenell will lend me an extra horse."

And father and son took leave of each other, with earnest wishes for their mutual good.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SHIPS AND THE SEA.

I do not know of anything that shows more evidently the limitless capacity of man, and his prerogative to conquer the dominions of nature, than a ship. Even the first rude bark, creeping timidly from the shore, was an indication of this delegated lordship over the material world,—the first pushing out of those attennæ of the human mind that were to clasp around the globe, and stretch out their measuring lines among the stars. And now follow this adventurous achievement, from that simple boat to the vessel that bore Columbus stretching out beyond all ancient landmarks, and beating onward, like the energies of his own dauntless heart, through the gray mystery of the deep—follow it to the deck of a modern steamship condensing in its enormous and beautiful model the art and science of six thousand years, and whipping its surges with its lash of fire, and you will understand how this great and wide sea has accomplished the purposes of wise and benevolent design, by developing, through its very difficulties, the mind, and elevating the social condition of man. Yes, the sea is a great civilizer that carries round the wide world tokens from land to land, and binds together the destinies of the race.

—An American having brought up his son to the profession of the law, was asked in what branch of the law he proposed to distinguish him. "Why," says the old man, alluding to the criminal law, "I believe something in the *hanging line.*"

SONG OF THE NIGHT-BLOOMING FLOWER.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Through ages I've bloomed
With a fearless delight
In the dark, misty gulfs
Of the gloomiest night:
I have leaned to the song
Of the poet who told
I was bravest of all
In the flowery fold.

II.

I have glowed as I felt
The pure lips of the child
On my rich petals laid
In the blossoming wild:
I have thrilled as the hand
Of the beautiful pressed
My odorous buds
On her love-throbbing breast.

III.

But a joy the intensest
Is mine as I feel
That my night-daring leaves
A grand symbol reveal—
A symbol of souls,
The unfearing, the proud,
Who flash out their strength
In the gloomiest cloud!

HAWTHORNE LODGE.

A ROMANCE.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH THE PATIENT TRAVELS.

But the old physician was wiser than either of us. Herbert Hawthorne was in love with me.

I recount one scene between us—the first and last. It dwells in my recollection because it taught me how poorly my own secret had been concealed.

They say that love is blind. He is not. Where love dwells there are eyes that never sleep.

Passing through the garden in the twilight of an August evening some three or four weeks after the doctor's departure, I suddenly encountered Herbert half-reclining on the grass, and musing over a book.

He started up as he saw me. "Oh, it's you, Miss Cameron? Good evening."

His tone was abrupt, but his eyes were tender and wistful.

I replied to the tone:

"Yes, Mr. Herbert, it is I. A lovely evening, isn't it?" and I continued leisurely on my way to my own particular seat.

"Stay!" he said, imperatively, and caught my hand.

I withdrew it coldly.

"Pardon me, Mr. Herbert Hawthorne; but I don't recognize your right to command me."

"Now you are angry. Oh me! What have I done? Was I rude, impertinent? Miss Cameron, I wouldn't offend you for all the world. Pray pardon me if I have done so. Heaven knows I didn't mean it."

He spoke rapidly, a little wildly, and with passionate eagerness. Pausing an instant he went on:

"Did you ever know the feeling that prompts one to say unkind, sharp things instead of pouring out all the honeyed sweetness stored in the heart?"

Did I know?
Only too well!

Love,—strong, mighty love unreturned, trying to hide itself from scorn or contempt under hard, cutting words, as a little dove might hide from a hawk behind a covering of porcupine quills.

"Perhaps I may have had that knowledge."

"Miss Cameron, do you know what it is to love?"

"Mr. Hawthorne, if you should ever find yourself on the edge of a quicksand, take my advice and shun it."

"If I please to risk my life, well! I do please, Miss Cameron. Tell me do you know what it is to love?"

What terrible suspicion flashed across my mind! Did he, then, see that I loved Brantley, and was this pretended love of his only pity clothed in kindness for my sorrow? I turned, like a wild beast cornered, and at bay for its life.

"What is't to you, sir?" I demanded, with fierce impetuosity. "Impertinent!"

He was in nowise abashed; he started, flinging away his book, and caught me by the arm. Then seizing me by the waist he carried me to the seat, and forced me to sit down.

"I had not thought you were so strong, Mr. Hawthorne," was all I said.

"Yes, yes, sneer," he said wildly. "You can do it perfectly,—you curl your lip to a nicety. No matter! Call me impertinent, insolent—anything you please; but I will know—do you—have you ever loved?"

"Let go my hand, Mr. Hawthorne. Let me rise."

"I will not. Answer me. Have you ever loved?—Speak."

I was silent and still, for he forced me to remain seated before him.

"You won't answer? Very well! But it is immaterial—I happen to know. Oh, I haven't been blind. I have watched the changes of your countenance, and the lighting up of your eyes. You love Brantley!"

"This is insulting!"

I made a strong effort, wrenched my hand from his grasp, and stood up.

"Ah! that brings an answer—as I knew it would. No matter that it is not exactly an assent. I know what it means. You love Brantley. Deny it if you can—you love him; deny it if you dare." He forced me down into my seat again.

I closed my teeth, and shut my lips over them tightly, as my only reply.

"You drive me mad! I am not answerable for how I act. You who know the madness of a passionate love, Miss Cameron, pity me—forgive me."

The fierce tone changed to touching sweetness; the harsh words to entreaties. He bowed before me; he knelt at my feet, and, bending down his face upon my knee, murmured softly:

"Oh, forgive me!"

And I did.

I drew away my hand, and smoothing his hair with it as I would have done that of a young brother in grief, I said:

"I do forgive you, Herbert."

He pressed my other hand to his lips.

"I knew you would," he said, gratefully. "And now grant me but a few minutes, Miss Cameron. Listen to me. You think me but a boy—young, hot-headed, not knowing myself. You mistake. I know my own heart; I know, too, how well I love you. And if you will accept my hand, if you will but try to love me, if you will promise to be my wife, I swear solemnly that I will devote my whole life to you—I will be to you the best husband that ever woman had. Answer me."

He looked up at me with his clear, earnest eyes.

"Can it be?" he said, solemnly.

"It can never be, Herbert."

"And this is final?"

"It is final."

"Then, Miss Cameron, what am I to do?" he said, in a tone of despair.

"Will you do as I advise, Herbert?"

"I will try; indeed I will. There is nothing I will not attempt to win your esteem—since I can do no more."

"Then follow your father's counsels; either begin business or continue the study of law, whichever pursuit is most congenial to your taste. Leave Hawthorne Lodge, and in six months you will have——"

"No, no, Miss Cameron, don't say it—I never will forget you. But I will do as you advise."

He turned to leave me; then coming back, stood before me, timid as a girl.

"Miss Cameron," he said, brokenly, almost inaudibly, "will you kiss me?"

I stooped toward him and kissed him as I would have kissed a pet brother.

Then he turned away and left the garden.

* * * * * * *

The following week, to the astonishment of every one but myself, Herbert left the Lodge for New York. Mr. Hawthorne had given him letters to many old friends in the Metropolis; and one, in particular, to Judge Chanson, under whom he was to qualify himself for the profession he had chosen.

CHAPTER XX.

CHOSEN.

Three months!

Weary, weary three months. The record of my life holds no three months like you. I did not know with what an intense and absorbing passion I loved Brantley till after his departure, when everything about Hawthorne Lodge was calm and quiet.

Nothing distracted my thoughts from him. Except during the hours of tuition, I could do nothing but think of him; recall each expression of his countenance; each quick, bright glance of his splendid eyes; every kind word he had spoken to me.

But this was folly.

I broke away from it.

For the sake of employment—for I could not any more take the least interest in reading—I spent half my first quarter's salary for new articles of clothing, which, to keep my mind and fingers busy, I made up myself during my hours of leisure.

I did not know whether Miss Katherine received letters from her lover, but I saw many preparations which I could only think tended one way.

I had thought that to Miss Hawthorne's and Miss Augusta's wardrobes—so plentifully supplied with the most elegant dresses of every description—nothing more could be added. I learned my mistake very soon.

Constantly, almost daily, parcels arrived by express from New York, forwarded from the nearest railway depot. These parcels contained rich silks from China and from Paris; the most splendid moire-antiques; the glossiest satins; the finest India muslins, and piles of Brussels lace.

A dress-maker, from the Metropolis, arrived one day, in company with the latest parcel; and then began such a cutting out, fitting on and making up of dresses as my bewildered eyes had never before and have never since beheld.

I wondered, without intending a thought of impiety, if Mr. Hawthorne's purse was like the widow's measure of oil, in that the more was taken out of it the more remained.

At length the dresses were completed, and I waited with a patient misery to hear that Mr. Brantley was shortly coming to Hawthorne Lodge to take away with him the fair daughter of the house. Instead of which I heard, casually, that Katherine and Augusta were very soon going to New York, where Miss Augusta was to "come out"—Miss Katherine having made her first appearance in metropolitan society two winters previously.

Mrs. Hawthorne's only sister was the wife of one of the wealthiest of Wall Street's wealthy operators, without children and greatly attached to the young Hawthornes. Therefore, under her chaperonage, her four nieces were to take by storm the hearts of the male portion of New York.

The wedding, then, I concluded, had been appointed for a later period. Probably at the close of "the season" it would be celebrated in New York with more *éclat* than was possible at the Lodge; and probably Mrs. Hawthorne, though she could not then leave home, would go in time to be present at her daughter's marriage.

Whether I was right or not, the morning of the 8th December dawned gray, raw and cold; and Miss Katherine and Miss Augusta, in rich travelling attire, and accompanied by their father, entered the carriage (on the back and front of which were strapped innumerable trunks) to be conveyed to the dépôt, whence the cars would bear them to New York—that grand, busy, bustling, rich, beautiful New York that I sometimes saw in my dreams since—since Brantley had gone there.

In a week Mr. Hawthorne returned, bringing the welcome tidings that the young ladies were domesticated at Mrs. Fitz Gibbon's; that already preparations were making for the most splendid receptions in their honor, and that the gayest season was opening that had for many years been known in New York; also that Herbert was a frequent visitor at his uncle's; had been there every evening during his father's stay, and was well and happy.

Mrs. Hawthorne glanced triumphantly toward me; I bent over my work and smiled to myself. Poor lady! She never knew of the scene in the back garden, and she had, indeed, never credited the solution of her son's illness given by Dr. Freeborn.

For some time after the departure of the young ladies, thing continued in the even tenor of their way; only the Lodge was more cheerless and lonely in their absence.

Ruth did not mourn Augusta's absence as I had feared and expected; although, poor child! I fancied she sometimes wept in secret.

She was much changed during the last few months.

She no longer sighed for that beauty she had so long thought would alone win her mother's heart, but she grew quieter and more studious, paler and more shadowy every day. Madelaine and Allan were very kind to her.

Allan was continually wanting to teach her to play marbles, but when the snow and ice came he forgot to be so attentive, preferring to run his sled down the long, snow-frosted hills; and to skate, in the moonlight, on the ice-bound ponds.

Madelaine asked her advice about dressing her dolls, and told her all the doings of that interesting Pussy, which, despite all its pretty little owner's efforts to the contrary, would persist in growing up into "a great big cat," its feet getting so large that pussy's mittens would no longer fit them.

Mrs. Hawthorne's chief pleasure was, now, in the letters she received twice each week from Katherine, Augusta and Herbert. Miss Katherine's she preferred, for that young lady faithfully recounted the triumphs of herself and sister.

One evening, toward the close of January, I sat in the front parlor working on a skirt which I had volunteered to embroider for Madelaine, and as to the progress of which Madelaine's mamma had condescended to express entire admiration. The children were variously employed; Ruth as usual, studying her next day's lesson; Madelaine dressing her doll; and Allan engaged in some mysterious paper-work that he was dextrously fashioning with my embroidery scissors.

Mr. Hawthorne entered with a sealed letter, so large that it more resembled a package, and playfully tossing it into his wife's velvet lap, said:

“From Katherine, my dear.”

Mrs. Hawthorne at once broke the seal, and after a hurried glance over the many crossed pages began to read aloud. I rose to leave the room.

“Resume your seat, Miss Cameron,” she said, with a royal wave of her white hand. “You may remain. Indeed I would like you to hear what very excellent letters Miss Hawthorne writes.”

Accordingly I resumed my seat.

Mrs. Hawthorne again began to read; and in slow, even, measured tones read the following letter:

“My darling mamma:—At length I get a couple of hours to myself to tell you all about Aunt Madelaine's party. It was the *chef d'œuvre* of the season. Nothing has equalled it; nothing in New York can equal it; and if not in New York pray *where* can it be equalled? ‘Everybody’ was here, of course; and that is why I have not had time to write you the details before, as there was nothing but one continuous stream of calls on Aunt Mad., Gus., and myself all the next day. Such charming beaux! Oh dear! How shall I live out of New York? But there—that reminds me of what I am not very likely to forget, though it is still so recent it has not taken its place in my mind among the things ‘of course.’

“To relieve your mind, dear mamma, before you think your poor Katie has lost her wits, I can live in New York all the rest of my life, if I like. But let the rest come in the ordinary course of narration.

“To the party.

“If I could give you anything like a correct account of the appearance of the ball room, and supper-room! But they did indeed baffle all description.

“French cooks, with necessary auxiliaries, were employed to perfect the latter apartment. The supper is the first topic in fashionable society. But how I do run on. No matter, I can't help it. The effect of that night hasn't yet passed away from me. Such wines! The cellars of the world must have been ransacked, and the best of each taken to grace Aunt Mad.'s supper.

“The fashions this winter are beautiful.

“The ladies were dressed exquisitely.

“Now I know you are all impatience to know how Gussie and I looked. You should have seen us.

“I know you dearly love such descriptions; but you must hear about some others first. I reserve Gussie and myself for the last. Aunt Madelaine first, giving age its due preference, you know. Oh, if she heard me speaking of age in the same sentence with her! But I only use the word comparatively, for she is in the zenith of her beauty. She wore a robe of royal purple velvet, lined with white satin very long in the skirt, and sweeping behind like the train of any imperial dame who ever wore a diadem. Low corsage, studded with jewels, and sleeves of the richest and heaviest lace falling to the elbows. Her arms and shoulders are still as white as marble, and as smooth and polished as any youthful belle's. She wore her magnificent hair in an entirely new style—at least the style is new now,—though many centuries old—in fact as old as Semiramis. Large, massy curls were looped up, three by three, at the ends, and fastened all around the head by a string of large pearls. The hair hung with the greatest apparent looseness, carelessness and negligence, but was in reality so securely fastened that not one single thread of the glossy mass came loose during the whole night. The curls being all looped up, the pearls were then wound around the head three times, twined and twined over each other, and flashing from out the raven hair like a coronet of condensed moonbeams. Now imagine the radiant and brilliant beauty of Aunt Madelaine, and the effect this style of head dress must have had on her classic features, large, dark eyes, red lips, and rich brunette complexion!

“Herbert, of course, was one of the guests. How very handsome he is growing. I never saw anything for so young a man as faultless as his taste in dress. He is quite the fashion; and I do believe a little smitten with Miss Livingstone, the authoress. Nor does she appear at all indifferent to his homage. Isn't it strange how often these women, with all their brilliant talents, are caught by the young and boyish beauty of such as Herbert? As a blue, Miss Livingstone is quite the rage. She is without any claims to beauty save fine eyes, brilliantly white teeth, and luxuriant dark hair. Yet she has numerous admirers. She dresses with severe plainness. What attraction Herbert can see in her I cannot possibly imagine. It is strange the passion he seems to have for plain women. And what do you think? He says Miss Livingstone resembles Miss——”

Here Mrs. Hawthorne suddenly paused. A warm flush dyed her face; but, as it passed away, she resumed:

“I would have no objection to having this talented Miss Livingstone for a sister-in-law; but it is the universal report that authoresses lead their husbands dreadful lives, and I really would not wish dear Herbert unhappy.

“I have tried your patience long enough, mother mine, haven't I?

“To reward you, this is how Augusta looked:

“You know pale blue is her color, and becoming though it is to her blonde loveliness, I am heartily tired of seeing it on her. So I entered my protest against blue on this occasion.

“‘What shall I wear, then?’ asked Gus., with her pretty pout.

“‘Rose-color,’ suggested Aunt Mad.

“‘No, indeed; I hate it—for a dress. Besides, it is just the hue of my cheeks,’ said this vain little sister of mine, and vain little daughter of yours, mamma, as she caught a glimpse of her face in the pierglass opposite.

“‘White,’ said I.

“‘O yes, white of course,’ she retorted, impatiently. ‘Like any school-girl just out of her teens!’

“‘But you know it is your first season, my love; and, really, white is the most appropriate color.’

“‘Oh dear, Aunt Madelaine! It is an abominable, detestable, vulgar color, that everybody wears, from the infant in long clothes to the corpse in its shroud.’

“‘Fie, fie, Gussie! It is the first, the purest, the chastest color in the world!’

“‘It is no color at all, if it comes to that, Aunt Madelaine.’

“‘Why, Gussie, the angels wear it,’ I ventured to suggest.

“‘I daresay; but angels don't go to balls, and if they did, wouldn't wear white moirè, or glacè silk, or muslin, or lace——’

“‘Yes, certainly, all those are very common,’ I said; ‘but you needn't wear any of them. Wear something unique, something no one else will have anything like, but still let it be white.’

“‘I should like to know what your “something unique, but still white,” will be. However, arrange it your own way, Kate; it will save me the trouble of deciding.’

“Accordingly I took some few moments to decide what Gussie should wear.

“All blessings on the goddess of beautiful fabrics, whoever she may be!

“The decision was made.

“Gussie wore white crêpe, and looked as if descended from the sky, robed in one of its whitest clouds—a perfect embodiment of grace, purity and loveliness.

“The Glansmores are in town, and of course were among the guests.

“I always thought Harry the most attentive of lovers, but on this occasion I thought he was bewitched as well; and I really feared he would commit some absurd extravagance. He seemed with difficulty to prevent himself from making an open avowal of his love and admiration for Gussie before the whole assembled throng.

“However, nothing of the kind occurred.

“And now, Mamma, for myself! Now for a glowing description of your peerless Katherine!

“I know I shall shock you, so I will over with it at once.

“I wore yellow!

“I hear your horrified exclamation:

“‘A yellow dress!’

“Softly, softly now, my beautiful mother! I am a brunette, as you know; my eyes a brilliant, reddish brown, glowing and flashing. The winter midnight is not so black as my hair. The lily's leaf, dipped in the faintest possible solution of brown, and held up before the sun for his light to shine through it—that is my complexion! The carnation's first, freshest bloom is not so brightly crimson as the color that lies slumbering and blushing redly on my cheeks! The ruby is not more richly dyed than my lips! nor are pearls dipped in milk more snowily white than my teeth!

“So, you see, I wore yellow.

“No common yellow, like the dandelion's blossom, or even the rind of a fine-skinned orange, or the heart of a marigold. But a color, in satin of the richest quality, that looked like gold, lying, hot and molten, in the crucible. How wide the skirt was! How it swept the waxed floor like waves of golden light! How white my arms, and neck, and shoulders glistened against its yellow splendor! How raven black my hair glossed against the myriad lights of the diamonds flashing out of its purplish blackness!

“Why, mamma, among that assemblage of New York's beauty and fashion people paused to look at me. After that need I say I was the undisputed belle, and am likely to reign such for a long time to come?

“You have not seen Aunt Madelaine's conservatory during some years. It is the finest in the city. The rarest flowers of the tropics there grow in all rank luxuriance, beauty of color, and wealth of perfume. One's soul might exhale, to lie on the suffocating richness of odor that loads the air. Birds, tame as pet pigeons, fly about among their native flowers, alighting on the many-colored leaves, making the air music with the sweetness of their little throats; or flit through the green, intermingled branches of the plants. There, in this Paradise stolen from the Central Zone of earth, I walked—but not alone.

“Mr. Brantley was my companion. There, intoxicated with perfumes, wild with beauty he asked me to marry him; and here, with triumph in my heart, I pledged myself to become his wife.

“So you see it is all over.

“He is far, far richer than I dared to dream—a millionaire! Congratulate me, mamma, darling! There is no happier girl in the world. I will be the most beautiful bride in New York. My husband one of the richest men; and—I have kept it to the last—my diamonds will outblaze any in the Metropolis!

“Adieu, mother mine. My husband-elect waits for me in the drawing-room, and I have but time to assure you that I am forever and forever your affectionate daughter, Katherine.

“P. S. Mr. Brantley is going to write to you and papa to-day, or else, if possible, to run down to the Lodge in person, to obtain your consent. However, I think I will only let him write, for I can't spare him out of town. He is all attention; his kindness is unsurpassed, and—let me see what else—we are all going to the Opera to-night. A new prima-donna—consequently a new sensation. Kate.”

So concluded Miss Hawthorne's letter; and her mamma, folding it up, placed it in her bosom. I sat, in a kind of maze, industriously stitching upon Madelaine's skirt; till at length, feeling myself growing cold and faint, I rose, slowly, and with an effort walked with even, measured steps, from the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Alone in my own room. Oh how terribly alone!

That, then, was the reason I had been permitted to resume my seat, and listen to the reading of Miss Hawthorne's letter.

Very well, Mrs. Hawthorne, kind Mrs. Hawthorne, God shield your daughters from such agony as I have known.

Then he had not asked her to marry him during his visit to Hawthorne Lodge?

What did this mean?

May he—may they be happy, I tried to say.

He was a millionaire—she would be the fairest bride, her husband one of the richest men. Above all, her diamonds would outblaze any in New York!

I had anticipated the blow—I had tried to harden myself against it. But it was heavier than I thought. It nearly crushed me.

That night I retired at the earliest possible hour.

From the long restraint I was choked with tears, but I would not weep. My heart felt as though it must burst, and my head whirled, the veins on the temples pulsating with painful rapidity.

“Mary Cameron,” I said, “be a woman! Weep tears for no man who is indifferent to you.”

Still the tempest raged within. Undressing hastily I went to bed, leaving the lamp lighted on the toilet-stand; for I didn't think to sleep, and it was some relief to look at the quiet flame. So the wearisome minutes dragged on, and I heard the great clock in the hall below strike the hour of ten.

Suddenly the bed moved beneath me!

Breathless, motionless, I lay there, a cold perspiration bursting from every pore.

Yes, beyond doubt, the mattress heaved beneath me—heaved as if with the breathings of some mighty thing.

I did not dare rise to ascertain what was there. I dared not move. I could only hold my breath with terror, and wait for what might come.

A hundred thoughts flashed through my brain in one quarter as many seconds.

Could it be a robber? Had some one, entering in my absence, crept to my room, there to await a fitting opportunity to descend and plunder? Was it a murderer? Had my last hour come; and what injury had I ever done any one, that such terrible vengeance should be taken on me? Or was it but a trick to frighten me? Then I remembered the window. I had left it open, and, I knew, had not subsequently closed it. I moved my head carefully and without noise, that I might see it.

The window was closed, carefully—the little button turned within to keep it so.

Some one beside myself was, beyond doubt, in the room.

The moving of the mattress beneath me was not the effect of imagination. It moved again; there was a rustling noise as of a woman's robe. It was a woman, then, slowly drawing herself from beneath the bed, no longer caring for concealment.

I closed my eyes; indeed the lids fell helplessly over the dilated pupils; for I could not, yet, look on this intruder.

I heard her, after emerging from beneath the bed, raise herself to a standing posture; and, though I didn't see her, I knew she took the lamp, and the next moment she flashed the light across my eyes.

The instinct of self-preservation impelled me to look. With a violent effort I opened my eyes. My gaze fell full on the pallid face of the mysterious Miriam! When she spoke, which she did as soon as I looked up, I recognized the marvellously sweet voice that had, in the words of *Norma*, first awakened my wonder and admiration.

“I am glad,” she said, “that you have waked. If you hadn't I should have roused you.”

“I wasn't asleep,” I returned, raising myself to a sitting posture.

“Weren't you? You were very quiet.”

“Yes.”

“I know how it is,” she went on, “the sleepless lie still when they are wretched. Oh! I know it very well. I know what wakeful nights and saddest days are. I have known misery in my life. Stay—there is a record of that same miserable life.”

She laid a roll of manuscript on the toilet-stand.

“There,” she continued. “I have written that record of my life, to give to you whenever I might have an opportunity. I finished it only last night, and to-night the opportunity comes. I have long wished to lay such a history before some one; and the first time I beheld you—one moonlight night, six months ago—I was strongly impelled to make you my confidante. Accordingly, as I felt disposed, I have written what is contained in that manuscript. There it is; read it when you can. To-night, since you cannot sleep. Good-bye.”

She turned away, and before I could utter a word—I knew not what to say—the window was open, and she was passing through it.

I sprang out of bed and hastened after her, fearing some accident, for the Pavillion was some feet from the Lodge; but she was safe. A small ladder reached from the skylight, one end of it resting on my window-sill. In a minute she was safely upon the iron roof of the Pavillion, the ladder drawn after her; the next she had disappeared down the skylight, closing the moveable top, which shut with the same click, as of a pistol, that I had heard before.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ANNIE BRAITHWAITE;

OR,

THE YOUNG ARTIST'S TRIALS.

BY MARY ORME.

“For two,” said the gentleman.

“For *one*,” said a young girl, who wished to pay her fare in the omnibus.

“For *two*,” again said the gentleman, and the driver took the shilling and dropped it into his box. The young girl got out, the “gentleman,” who had paid his fare out of her shilling, got out too, and politely held his umbrella over her head—for it rained—till she reached the sidewalk.

It takes all sorts of people to make the world of New York, and we will charitably hope that this scamp who swindled pretty little Annie Braithwaite out of sixpence, was the only one of his species, and the only species of his genus.

“I have lost sixpence, mamma,” said Annie, as she came into her mother's room, on the fourth floor of a sort of nondescript house in B. street. Mrs. Braithwaite had boarded here when she was able to pay, and when she was not, Mrs. Bunce let her have two small rooms, very high up. One was parlor and kitchen, and the other was bed-room for three—viz., Mrs. Braithwaite, Annie and Willie, a dear little boy, eight years old.

Mrs. Braithwaite was a lady—though she wore a rusty black alpacca, that had been turned and darned, and was now numbered with the things that were. She had been tenderly reared, and highly educated. She married a wealthy merchant, and her two children were born in opulence. But Mr. Braithwaite failed, and all was changed for the family. They kept up for a time, but Mr. Braithwaite did not like to be a clerk, when California beckoned him with her hands full of gold. He made up his mind to go and seek his fortune in that land of promise. It was a terrible grief to his wife, but he divided his means with her, and assured her that he would soon send her money, and that in two years he would return and restore her to her former position in society. He made a bargain with Mrs. Bunce to board his family. They furnished their own handsome parlor and bedrooms, and were so comfortable that Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite parted cheerfully with high hope for the future.

Annie was thirteen years old when her father left, and little Willie was five. Three years had now elapsed, and for the last year no tidings had reached Mrs. Braithwaite from her husband. She had expended the last penny of the money that her husband had left her, and she owed Mrs. Bunce for her second year's board, and for a year she had occupied the two minute upper rooms, in which we find her. She had furnished them just so as to live in them, and the rest of the furniture had gone to Mrs. Bunce.

Of all Mrs. Braithwaite's accomplishments as a girl, only one helped her now, and by this she lived, and died, at the same time. She embroidered beautifully. With the strictest economy, she made a living for herself and her children, through the kindness of Mrs. Bunce, who thought she should be more likely to get her debt if she kept the family in her house, in the improbable event of Mr. Braithwaite's return.

Annie Braithwaite was an artist, and one of her mother's dearest hopes was to see her educated and successful. Different artists had been kind to her, and had assisted her with useful helps and hints, but she greatly needed systematic training and teaching. Providence aided her in this. A gentleman, who boarded a few weeks with Mrs. Bunce, employed Annie to draw his portrait. For this he gave her twenty-five dollars, more, it must be confessed, as a kind-hearted patron than for the merit of the work. This money Mrs. Braithwaite religiously appropriated to Annie's education. She immediately placed her with an old master, who had once been very celebrated, but who was now past the zenith of his fame, though not perhaps of his usefulness. He was willing to accept twenty-five dollars as a compensation for a quarter's tuition.

Who so happy as Annie when she took her place in old Mr. Brown's painting-room, with a half a dozen other girls, some of them twice her age, for Annie was only a little past sixteen. She had seen with terror that her mother's eyes were failing over her work, so trying in the day time, and which was often persevered in through many hours of the evening.

“I will soon paint pictures, and sustain my mother and send Willie to school,” said Annie, in her glad heart. Her teacher was a quiet, silent, silver-haired old man, but he praised her very first attempt. The young lady students assured Annie that this was “rare luck.” Annie thought that she hoped it was something more. Her heart burned within her to help her mother keep the family. She loved success for its own sake, because she loved beauty, by whomsoever created, but most of all now. She longed to save her dear mother's life. She saw her grow thin and pale from day to day; she saw the red line around the edge of her eye-lids, and the feverish flush on her face and lips.

Poor Annie! how her heart sunk lest she should achieve success too late.

She had copied two pictures, when her master said to her one day:

“You must hire a model, Miss Braithwaite. You must paint from life.”

“Hire a model!” thought Annie, “when it is so hard to get sixpense to ride when it rains.”

“You want a small boy, with a basket of matches, or apples, or something to sell,” said the master.

A thrill of joy shot through Annie's heart. Her brother was a small boy, and oh! how beautiful he was. A little thin and pinched looking, from confinement and meagre food; but that very circumstance would put more of what artists call feeling in the picture.

“I have lost sixpense,” said Annie, telling her mother how, as she came into the neat little home; “but I shall not have to pay for a model, for Willie will make such a lovely little fruit-merchant.”

And then the bitter thought came, “how can I buy a basket of fruit for him to hold in his hand?” She did not speak the thought to trouble her mother, but turned it over again and again in her mind.

Mrs. Braithwaite rejoiced that Annie was far enough advanced to paint such a picture, and their supper of dry bread and cold water was very sweet.

Annie's expedient to get the money to buy the fruit for her picture was the first concealment from her mother. She had known the method of hypothecating articles; she had many times gone with her mother to the pawnbroker's; and now she took her little brother, to keep herself from being too much afraid, and went to the nearest “loan office,” with her dear father's miniature, set in gold.

“If I can get four dollars for it,” thought she, “then I can buy my fruit, and take Willie in the omnibus, either going or coming, for he is not strong enough to walk both ways.”

Fortunately the pawnbroker gave her what she asked, and she dreamed of a day not distant, when she should sell her picture, and redeem her darling miniature, and help her fast failing mother. What a heartful of hopes swelled in that young bosom!

But where is the husband and father? Has he willingly forsaken his loved ones? Ah, no. For two years he gained and lost, but mostly lost, so that he could only send letters with hope in them. Then he went with a party to Weaver's Creek, and after making his fortune in an incredible short space of time, he, with many others, was attacked with land scurvy. The miners had only taken flour and salt pork to the diggings, and feeding upon this food, without fresh vegetables, or indeed any other article, caused this dreadful disease. Soon his swollen limbs refused to bear his weight. He lay stretched upon the ground, with only a blanket between him and the hard earth, and only the tent cloth to shield him from the burning sun by day and the cold, heavy dews by night. In this condition, he trusted a part of his gold to a friend, who intended soon to return to New York.

“You will find out my family,” said he, “and tell them that they may never see me again. Say that I have divided my fortune with them, and tell them that my last thoughts and my last prayers will be for them.”

The friend was an honest man. He was a physician, and had made a huge pile in the diggings, but he knew it was death to remain here, with only food to cause the scurvy, and no means to cure it; then he was weary of the dreadful struggle for gold. He had enough. Why should he not return home? *Home* is a word full of magic, full of dear delight, to the wanderer in far-off lands.

“I will be faithful to your trust,” said the doctor; “and I hope, Braithwaite, you will come round. I will send you something, if I find it possible, if you stay here. Lemons and potatoes would cure you in ten days.”

“Ah, if I don't die before your help comes,” said Braithwaite. “There is no use in lingering, my good fellow. Just take yourself off. You may save my family, but you can't save me.”

And so they parted; but it was more than a year before Dr. Wendell reached New York. One of his first experiences in Gotham was to have his pocket picked of an ancient and well-filled pocket-book. However, the thief got nothing but sundry letters and memoranda. Amongst these were Braithwaite's name, and some directions by which his family might readily be found.

Now one of Dr. Wendell's peculiarities was, to forget every name committed to his memory. He remembered no Christian name, no surname, unless it was that of a very old friend, or acquaintance, and so he kept a memoranda of all names. A large part of his stock of names was lost with the pocket book, and he was very miserable about it. But this did not mend the matter. He cudgelled his brains asleep and awake, but it was no use. The missing name continued among the things lost.

Daily Annie Braithwaite wrought at her picture. She had found herself in trouble with her treasure, obtained at the Pawnbroker's. She saw that she could not conceal from her mother that Willie always rode home from the studio, and so she made a clean breast of it, at once; though her mother could not have found it in her heart to consent to the hypothecation, she still saw that it was their only way of relief, and she embraced her daughter tenderly, and allowed no words about it.

The picture progressed in a manner to please and surprise the master, and everybody who saw it.

Annie often promised her mother and Willie a feast upon the oranges, when they were painted, but they were decayed beyond eating, before their likenesses shone temptingly on the canvass.

At last the picture was so far done, and so decided a success, that another startling consideration was presented to Annie. How should she get a frame for it? The master said, “You must have a frame for this, that will make them hang it on the line.”

“Is it the frame that determines a picture's position?” said Annie, wonderingly.

“Well,” said the master, “a frame brings out a picture. The committee can better see where it belongs, when it has the right sort of a frame. You must have a frame worth twelve dollars.”

Twelve hundred dollars were as surely beyond Annie's reach as twelve. What should she do? What could she do? There was no person of whom she could ask help. She thought and thought till her head ached, but all her thinking brought no expedient to her mind. Her mother and her little brother lived entirely upon Indian meal mush and cakes, and molasses, and even this supply might fail them on any day, for she plainly saw that her poor mother could hold up but a little longer. She was only able to do the commonest work for the shops, her eyes were so bad. She made shirts for sixpence each, and she could only make two a day. With seventy-five cents a week, they found themselves in food, and fire and candles. They no longer paid any rent, but Mrs. Bunce was not unkind. She was very poor herself, and very stingy, and she still thought it best to keep the family. A good many men had returned rich from California, after their friends had entirely given them up.

The night that Annie finished her picture would have been a time of rejoicing, but for the sad fact that it would have no frame. All night she thought what could she do. In the morning she rose with a resolve that made her strong. She would ask her mother's consent, that she should go to the pawnbroker. Possibly he would take her picture in some way and at least loan her a frame for it till it should be exhibited and sold. He seemed pleasant to her when he had taken the miniature, and she wanted to see him. Her mother gave her consent, though the plan seemed very hopeless and childish to her.

The pawnbroker was a working jeweller as well as money lender, and as Annie went into his place, she saw her father's dear face lying in his show case. She stood for a moment looking at it, when a gentleman came in. She saw the shopkeeper speak to him, and then look at her, and before she had time to think of the business that brought her there, the gentleman said:

“I believe this is the miniature of your father.”

“It is,” said Annie, her eyes overflowing with tears.

“I knew him in California,” said the gentleman, “and when I saw his picture here, I wished to get information of his family, so that I could communicate to them some news of him. But Mr. Levy could not tell me where you lived. He said however, he thought you would come in soon, at least to look at your papa. And now I am very happy to see you. We will redeem this picture, Mr. Levy, and then I will beg you to take me to your mother.”

With the miniature clasped close in her hand, Annie went into the street, too glad and too fearful to ask one question of the stranger.

“I left your father ill in the mines,” said Dr. Wendell. “How long since you have heard from him?”

“More than a year,” said Annie, hastening homeward.

“It is more than a year since I saw him,” said Dr. Wendell, his heart sinking with the assurance that Mr. Braithwaite was dead.

Annie left Dr. Wendell in Mrs. Bunce's parlor, which had the dinginess of three years, added to the very moderate decency it had when they first came to board, in what had been a sort of home to them.

Mrs. Braithwaite came pale and trembling to see the stranger, and after half an hour's talk, she felt assured that she should see her husband no more in this world. She was comforted to know that Dr. Wendell had sent him proper food and medicines, and that he had remembered his wife and children through all, and that he had sent her thirty thousand dollars. This good fortune came like a stunning blow to Annie and her mother. It was joy, but it was coupled with sorrow.

Dr. Wendell placed certificates of deposit in Mrs. Braithwaite's hands for the gold, and also some money, and then left, giving mother and daughter an opportunity for sad and joyful sympathy.

“You will allow me to come again,” said he, taking Mrs. Braithwaite's hand.

“Do come,” said mother and daughter.

After half an hour, Annie said:

“Mamma, I must go and get my picture-frame.”

“Certainly,” said her mother.

The frame was bought. It cost fifteen dollars. The picture was hung on the line. Mrs. Bunce was paid, and Mrs. Braithwaite took again the rooms she had occupied when her husband left; and then—well, the truth must be told—a dressmaker came, and worked for several weeks on modest garments for mother and daughter. Little Willie was fitted at a ready-made clothing-store. Mrs. Braithwaite would have no mourning garments, as it seemed to her that they would make her husband die, if he were now alive and well.

The opening night of the Exhibition came, and Dr. Wendell proposed to see the mother and daughter and Master Willie through the gallery. It was thronged as usual with talent, genius, beauty and wealth.

How happy would Mrs. Braithwaite and Annie have been, if the husband and father had but witnessed Annie's triumph, for such it was. Annie Braithwaite had burst upon the world of art like the sun of midday. She received praise and she had orders. She saw her mother begin to improve in one short week after her labor ceased, and her heart was relieved from care.

“I would have a home again,” said Mrs. Braithwaite, “only that *he* left us here, and I would have him find his own where he left us.”

Her heart leaped as she heard a knock at her door just as she had said these words. She rose to open it, but her limbs refused to bear her. Annie opened the door, and notwithstanding she was a young woman, and her father had raised a monstrous beard, she was instantly clasped in his arms.

Their hearts were every moment expecting him, and well they knew him when he came.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

The vicissitudes of human life are very strange. In 1830, President Taylor, then a colonel in the army, wrote a letter to General McNeil, who had just been appointed surveyor of Boston, from which we make the following extract:—“I am fully aware that it is impossible for us to pursue any profession—particularly that of arms—for fifteen or twenty years, without forming a strong attachment to it in various ways, and of course must abandon them with considerable reluctance; but there are circumstances which should reconcile us to do so, and to justify us, not only in our own eyes, but that of the community. Could I get a civil appointment as respectable, with half the emolument attached to it that there is to the one you have received, and where I could be located so as to superintend the education of my children, I would resign forthwith; for after serving twenty-two years and upwards, in the army, all of this time on duty, with the exception of a few months, without being stationed two years at any one post, during that time, I begin to think that I need repose; but as I do not possess influence to procure a civil appointment of any grade, I consider my doom fixed”

DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Moan on, moan on, thou Ocean-wave,
Above the seaman's lonely grave!
Thy moaning tells of parting decks,
Of last wild shrieks and sinking wrecks:—
Moan on!

II.

Moan on, moan on, thou sea of Time,
With all thy wildering, mystic chime!
Thy moaning tells th' avenging stroke
For guilty deeds and—nations broke:—
Moan on!

III.

Moan on, moan on, thou boundless sea
Of God's life, called "Eternity!"
Thou hast within thine awful tide
All by it unto man denied:—
Moan on!

IV.

No! *thou* dost never, never moan!
That is for mortal hearts alone;
But Ocean-wave and sea of Time,
With all *your* wildering, mystic chime,
Moan on!—
Must ye *forever* moan?

* * *

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 36.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

THE LIONESS.

The coming of those men from Mosilikatse troubled me not a little. It would not do to offer open resistance to the demands of the sable king; and I was doubtful about being able to escape by stratagem again. We might buy ourselves off; but I knew the grasping disposition of these fellows well enough to know that the purchase money would more than absorb the profits of our excursion. With these thoughts I lay awake until after midnight; but when I slept I slept soundly—so soundly that I did not awake until I was brought to consciousness by a touch upon my arm, and a voice in my ear. I started up, and found my boy Dan by my cot.

"Hush!" he said, placing his finger upon his lips. "Some of the villagers are outside."

I sat up, and asked him what was the matter. He told me that he had been hiding by the hut of Marbele, and that a part of the time he had been within the chief's apartment. He had heard the whole plan of Mosilikatse's men.

"They have come with orders from their king to have you and your party return. It has been decided that the white hunters shall not go any farther into the ivory country."

"And what does Marbele say?" I asked.

"I think," replied Dan, "that the old fellow is sorry these men have come, for he wanted to deal with you himself; but as it is he yields to their demands. You are to return to-day, and a guard is to go with you from here if necessary."

This was indeed pleasant! I got up and dressed myself, and then called my companions, to whom I related what Dan had told me. Ben Gilroy was for pushing on in spite of the impediment. Harry and I felt that we must return if we could not compromise the matter, though we hoped that some compromise might be made. Abner was anxious to know what terms we would submit to. For his part, he was not willing to pay away any of our ivory. He declared that he would rather fight than perform another sum of subtraction on the page of his profits. The ivory that we lost in the river had afforded him as much of that kind of calculation as he had stomach for.

While we were thus consulting, old Gash announced that our breakfast was ready. We agreed to eat the meal quietly, and await some further development before we gave ourselves any more uneasiness. The rump of inyala was rich and well cooked, and our coffee was better than usual. We had just moved away from the board, and lighted our pipes, when we saw a number of the villagers rushing towards our wagons.

"*Tao! tao! El inconyama!*" was the burden of their cry.

"Ha!" exclaimed Tickomy, leaping up, "it is a lion!"

"A *lioness!*" said Jot.

"A lioness and whelps," added Tickomy.

"Aye," returned Jot; "and very likely she is ugly."

By this time half a dozen of the villagers had reached our camp, and the foremost, who came directly from Marbele, informed us that two of the hunters who went out on the previous day had been killed by a furious lioness; that the remaining members of the hunting party had returned; and that the mad beast was coming towards the village. Marbele wished to know if the white hunters could not slay the monster. I mounted my horse, and rode down to the village, where I found the old chief, with twelve strangers, before the entrance of his abode. He noticed how sharply I eyed his companions, and with a ludicrous twist of countenance he informed me that these men were from beyond the mountains, and had come to see him on business; and then he told me of the lioness that had killed two of his best hunters, and of a great many lions which might be lurking about in the forest. Would I and my companions go out and kill them? He believed we could do it if we would. I asked to see the hunters who had brought in the intelligence. They came—four of them—and told me their story.

They said they had been attacked by the largest and most furious lioness they had ever heard of, and that two of their number had been killed. She had two whelps with her, and they believed there were one or two old lions not far from her. The place of her haunt was some ten miles away, but they feared she was approaching the village. This, also, was Marbele's fear. He knew that when one or two lions got scent of a village, they were apt to be a deadly plague, and he was appalled at the idea of the terrible visitation.

I asked the old chief if he and his followers would go out with us.

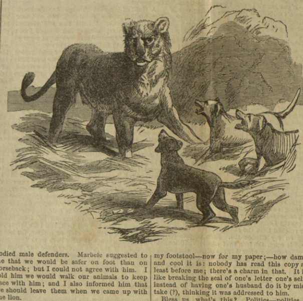
Yes,—he desired to go; but we must permit him to go in the rear.

I knew, if Marbele went, all the rest would go; so I told him we would go out and look after the lioness, at the same time assuring him that we would kill her if we found her. I would go back to my wagons and make preparations, and be ready to set forth within an hour. The old fellow seemed mightily pleased at this, and protested that, if we delivered them from the danger that threatened them, they would be our debtors forever. I suggested that I would prefer that the debt should not remain quite so long unpaid; but he did not understand me, and I did not stop to enlighten him.

As soon as I reached our camp I called my companions around me, and informed them of the result of my interview with Marbele, and also gave them a hint of the plan which I had formed for our own conduct. Ben Gilroy decided at once that my plan was capital. Harry reflected a few moments, and then signified his approbation. Abner was ready to agree to anything that Harry and I thought best, so that we clung to our property.

I knew that my servants had no sympathy with Mosilikatse or his people, and that I might trust them safely. To Jot I unfolded my plan, in the hearing of the others. My directions were these: As soon as the hunting party had got clear of the village the oxen were to be inspanned, the wagons packed, and the teams started on to the north-west. I left all our servants save my boy Dan and Fitzeben, and they all promised to do their best to get the teams over the road. I told Jot and Sunam to treck on until I overhauled them, even were it until the next morning. Artoly and Zebul were to make all explanations to the inquiring villagers who might remain away from the lion hunt; while Tickomy and his two brothers pledged themselves to stand by for defence in case of need.

After these arrangements had been made, and I had assured myself that they were perfectly understood, we who were to go in search of the lioness took our rifles and mounted our horses. At the village we found Marbele ready, with his people, to set forth, the messengers from Mosilikatse being also in for witnessing the sport. There is something enticing, even to the coward, in dangerous sport, when braver men lead the van; so on the present occasion those who would have fled from a lion's whelp were eager to follow the party; and thus, as I had hoped and anticipated, the village was likely, for a time, to be entirely depopulated of its able-bodied male defenders. Marbele suggested to me that we would be safer on foot than on horseback; but I could not agree with him. I told him we would walk our animals to keep pace with him; and I also informed him that we should leave them when we came up with the lion.



It was ten o'clock in the forenoon when we set forth, and if the prowess of our party was to be judged by its numbers we might have bid defiance to all the lions in Africa. The four hunters who had come in with the intelligence of the lioness led the way, and under their direction we marched on until past noon. The sun was a little past its meridian when we reached a deep jungle, where our guides halted. They said they had last seen the lioness in that cover, dragging away the body of one of their companions. Upon this Marbele held up his hands in horror, and his people fell back in dismay. Our dogs quickly caught a scent and plunged into the thicket; and I knew if the lioness was in there they would soon have her at bay.

Ere many minutes had elapsed one of the native hunters uttered an exclamation of alarm, and hurried back from the jungle; and I judged from his manner that he had discovered some sign of the game.

"*Tao! Tao!*" he cried.

As he spoke I heard a low, hoarse sound, not unlike the deeper note of the buffalo. I did not think it could be the lioness; but presently the dogs set up a sharp, startled howling, and I knew they had found something of which they were afraid. Harry and I quickly dismounted, and gave our horses in charge to Fitzeben, and then plunged into the cover, my boy Dan following with my double-barrel. We were not long in finding the dogs, and close by them, in a small opening, we saw the lioness. She was lashing her tail furiously, and growling madly. She was the largest lioness I ever saw; and, crouching there in that deep jungle, with her short ears laid flat upon her muscular neck, her lips drawn up into angry wrinkles, and her long, sharp teeth gleaming in their perfect whiteness, I think she presented the most fearful picture of deadly power that I ever beheld.

But we did not stop long to view the scene. Harry and I both fired together, and the lioness leaped into the air and fell within six yards of us, with two bullets through her heart. When we returned to the place where we had left our horses I found the natives flying in all directions; but we soon managed to make them understand that their enemy was dead, and after awhile they gathered around, and were on hand to see the carcass of the beast when the four native hunters drew it forth. Just as the body of the lioness was dragged out from the jungle the dogs set up another howling, and upon going in we found that they had uncovered two whelps. These we despatched without trouble, and brought them out with us, and when we threw them down by the body of their dead mother, Marbele shouted with joy, and his people, taking up the cry, made the woods ring.

A strong litter was made of poles, and a score of the natives marched off with the trophies, Marbele and his followers falling in to form a triumphal procession. The old chief informed me that a great feast should be given in our honor, and he desired that I would ride by his side to the village. As he spoke I gave Morgan a touch in the flank, which caused him to come very near leaping upon the chieftain; and it was some seconds before I got my horse under subjection again. I then explained to Marbele as well as I could that when our horses' heads were turned towards our camp it was impossible to restrain them, and I asked his permission to ride on in advance. As he had no more desire to travel by the side of old Morgan he gave his consent readily, only he desired that I would hold myself in readiness for the feast.

In a very few minutes our party had ridden ahead of those who bore the body of the lioness, and without seeming to hurry we kept on until we were beyond their sight. We were all together, Dan and Fitzeben riding excellent horses, and as we saw that the intervening forest hid us from the view of Marbele's van we struck a swifter pace, and soon had a clear path. We left the village to the right, and in less than two hours we found the track of our wagons. Our men had followed their instructions much better than I had expected. Once I stopped, fearing that we had missed our train; but Dan soon found the trail, and we kept on again; and not until the sun had sunk below the tops of the trees did we overhaul the wagons. We found the oxen worn and puffing, and well streaked beneath the blows of the heavy jamboks. We stopped an hour to let them feed and rest, and then we trecked on ten miles farther. It being now perfectly dark, we concluded to pull up for the night, having it understood that all was to be ready for an early start in the morning.

Old Gash had saved plenty of fresh meat, and we did ample justice to the supper he placed before us; and after a comfortable smoke, and a story from Ben Gilroy, we went to bed. Before the sun was fairly up we had eaten our breakfast, and were on our way; and when that day's work was done we felt pretty confident that we had successfully eluded the trap which had been set for us under the eye of old Marbele.

* * *

OUR ANNUAL DOSE OF POLITICS.

Here's a splendid fire, and there's my armchair; and now for a good newspaper-read. I do hope no chatterbox will come into this room and begin to pepper me with talk. I feel like being quiet, and having a good think; I've been as crazy as a windmill, of a breezy morning, for three days; I would just give a hundred dollars to be let alone now for one hour. There's my footstool—now for my paper;—how damp and cool it is: nobody has read this copy at least before me; there's a charm in that. It is like breaking the seal of one's letter one's self, instead of having one's husband do it by mistake (?), thinking it was addressed to him.

Bless us, what's this? Politics—politics—politics—from one end of the paper to the other; no nice book reviews; no well-deserved bludgeon-blows at the "neutral English;" no interesting letters from the seat of war; nothing on earth but elections, and local squabblings about them. Now isn't that aggravating? when I never was more hungry for a good read than I am this morning, and depended on it as much as I do on my coffee. You see, if I could take an *active* part in these politics there would be some sense in getting interested in them; but to stand by and look upon a fight with one's hands tied and one's mouth gagged, is not pleasant to an impressible temperament. One longs to hit a good crack, at the right minute, and where it will tell. One gets interested in candidates and lying, and things; one wants to be posted up about matters, and don't fancy having "my lord" laugh in a patronizing, pitying way, at one's sincere, though innocent suggestions, about conducting an electioneering campaign.

Now the Empress Eugenie has a lively time of it, what with the Pope, and her dress-maker. She has got her little fist farther into the political pie than Napoleon intended, when he used her taper finger to stir it up for his own purposes. That shows that a woman don't do things half-way, and that's why female politicians could be very useful creatures. As to their jumping in the right direction, they would be quite as likely to do it, as the illiterate, bibbing, bought crew who so often perform at the ballot-box. It would be a mighty power for women, of course, and there's just where the shoe pinches. No male hoof would dare trespass on a woman's long skirt after that, without getting on his political knees to make good the damage. For his life, no man, with an eye to a vote, would dare keep his seat in any public place, or conveyance, that a woman might desire. And as to husbands, if they didn't stop swearing at their wives and speak pretty, their political opponents would be the gainers in less time than I take to tell of it. So I trust that it is sufficiently plain to the most unreflective, that ribbons and laces are the safest amusements for women. Costly they may be, but they who have footed the bills for electioneering purposes know that a little money may be sunk *there* too.

Meantime, till the present political pot has simmered down a little, I suppose I must be content with stupid newspaper-reading. I accept it, as I do the periodical sweeping of the streets by the *very efficient broom committee* who perform street duty; hoping vainly each time for a purer atmosphere when the dust is laid and the garbage disposed of.

FANNY FERN.

* * *

UNRECORDED HISTORIES.

When one looks at old persons out of whose life all the eagerness has gone, one sometimes wonders what was the romance of their life; for fossilized as they appear to be, there must have been a time, when the heart leaped to the sound of a sweet voice, or at the sight of a sweet face. In some chamber of their memory, locked, curtained and cobwebbed, it may be, are speaking, dust-covered relics of happiness, just such as the youth of to-day so eagerly seek. What a scene would reveal itself, could we throw open the door, and windows, and let in the searching sunlight! How interesting to us in that light, would be the bent form, and faded eyes, and whitening hair, and wrinkled face, and faltering speech! But their owners totter past us, with their story all untold, to the grave where so many secrets lie buried. None may know, perhaps not even their own kindred, what lies entombed under the ashes of the past. True it is, that what is *written* is nought to the *unwritten*. Often to the Searcher of all hearts alone, are these life-tragedies known. Crusted over with the lava of years, no sign of warmth or brightness appears; but sometimes as the lamp of life is going out, it flashes before us some astounding truth, before which our stupidity and indifference stand aghast; and awe-struck, we go our ways with a deeper sense of the sacredness of human life.

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jefferson City.—A young lady, who seems to be sufficiently intelligent to understand most ordinary things, and who says the young people of Jefferson City are divided on the questions she proposes, and which are given below, wants to know, 1. "If it is proper for a young lady to allow a gentleman to whom she is not engaged to kiss her, without boxing his ears;" 2. "If it is customary for an engaged couple to exchange such endearing salutations." "There is a great deal of discussion," she says, "about these matters among us young people and also between us and our parents, and as it is impossible for us to come to any agreement, we would like to have the Ledger give us a little light on the subject." Your first question—"Is it right for a young lady to allow a gentleman to whom she is not engaged to kiss her, without boxing his ears?" is a rather singular one, inasmuch as it assumes that it *would be right* for her to grant him that privilege if she *should box his ears!* We do not think that the boxing of his ears would effect either the morality or etiquette of the kissing; nor would it be apt to be effective as a penalty, unless it were administered by the young lady's father or some other male relative; and even then, how few young men there are who would not take the chances. On the whole, we think that the peace and welfare of the community require that we should decide, and therefore we do decide, that there must be no kissing of any young lady by any gentleman not engaged to her, unless he be within the proper limits of relationship—cousins, of course, being excluded. As to the customs of engaged couples in regard to these "endearing salutations," as our correspondent so delightfully terms them, we must confess our ignorance. If our readers are zealous to know how such a couple can behave in a manner to excite the approbation of all concerned, let them note carefully how Ishmael Worth and Bee Middleton (in Mrs. Southworth's story of "Self Made") deport themselves, and they will be pretty apt to acquire the desired information.

Bothersome Correspondents.—There is a class of correspondents who annoy us exceedingly, and whose letters are apt to be left unanswered. They are those who always write a long introduction to their letters, or else string on a long conclusion. Sometimes such a correspondent will write three pages, when all that it was needful for him to write might have been put in three lines—when in fact his question (and everything concerning the subject he asks about) *is* put in that compass. Long stories about the Ledger, or detailed expositions of the correspondent's opinions of it, or promises that if the questions put be answered we shall "hear again and more at length from the writer," or claims that because the writer has read the Ledger for years he has a right to an answer, or suggestions that unless an answer be forthcoming the writer will come to the conclusion that all our answers are "made up," or any like explanations, promises, threats, or claims, are entirely thrown away upon us. Those questions which are put in the briefest form that is consistent with clearness, and written in a plain hand, are the ones which receive the first attention.

Short-hand.—The main difference between phonography and stenography is that the first is a *system* and the latter a *contrivance*. Phonography proper is a system of writing based on a philosophical analysis and classification of the elementary sounds used in speech. Phonetic short-hand—which is what most people mean when they speak of phonography—is a philosophical system of short-hand based on phonography; whereas stenography is a short-hand contrivance based on the common alphabet. Nearly all reporters now-a-days use the phonetic short-hand, as it has great advantages both of brevity and legibility over the old stenographic methods. Either may be learned from books, although six months' time would be saved by employing a teacher. We can not recommend any book, nor any particular system of phonography or stenography, as it is against our rules to call attention to or in any manner advertise anybody's merchandise.

Miss C. L.—You should not deal too much, if at all, in the horrible when telling stories to small children. It is wrong to frighten them. You should be able to select your own quotations for chapter headings to your "romance." For the chapter on the sufferings of the unfortunate man whom you condemn to the fate of a murderer, perhaps a verse from Hood's "Eugene Aram" would answer, say this one:

> "And peace went with them one and all,
> And each calm pillow spread;
> But *guilt* was *his* grim chamberlain
> That lighted *him* to bed,
> And drew his midnight curtains round

That is a picture worthy of the couch of even your murderer; and if in your description of his sufferings you could contrive to throw in a few soul-shaking and heart-quaking nightmares, he would be fixed out nicely.

E. M. K.—A man absolutely truthful and honest will be almost certain to make his way in the world, no matter what disadvantages may cluster around the outset of his career. Your plea in favor of coquetting with falsehood and dishonesty is an indication of moral unsoundness on your part, rather than of shrewdness, whatever you may think. It takes very little ability to be dishonest. It is much easier to tell a lie to get ten dollars than it is to go to work and honestly earn that sum. It takes less talent to forge a note for ten thousand dollars, or to perpetrate almost any other swindle, than to accumulate such a sum by honest industry and fair dealing. A rogue is inherently a weak man, and although he may escape ruin for a series of years, it is pretty certain to overtake him at last.

Sailor.—You must be mistaken. If the man to whom you refer was ever actually bitten by a cobra di capella, with its poison fangs in good working condition, it is not at all probable that he could have been saved even by the most skillful physician; and the idea that a man so bitten should go about his business as though nothing had happened, and never feel any ill effects from the bite, is a little more than you should ask us, your friends, or the public, to believe. The cobra, though full grown, might have lost its fangs. Perhaps it was one of the serpents which the jugglers are said to prepare for their humbug performances by the removal of the venom bags from the root of the fangs.

Dugald.—Should you become "a perfect master of mental arithmetic," it would undoubtedly be of great service to you. The chief thing is to understand the principles of analysis clearly; *then* you can solve any problem that may be presented. The main principle is, to reduce everything down to the lowest or unit standard. By so doing, the most puzzling problems become clear. For example, the one you mention, "what is 1-5 of 3-4 of 5-7 of 7-9 of 9-12 of 48?" is a very simple affair. You begin with 48 and ascertain the first division of it, which is 9-12. One-twelfth of 48 is 4, and 9-12 would therefore be 36. Then 7-9 of 36 is 28; and 5-7 of 28 is 20; and 3-4 of 20 is 15; and 1-5 of 15 is 3, which is the answer.

Roxanna.—You are utterly mistaken, in supposing that girls are good judges of the character of their lovers. They might be able to judge with tolerable correctness of the character of men in whom they felt no interest; but the moment they have a partiality for a man, they are apt to lose all power of critical discrimination in regard to him. Married women are much better judges of men than unmarried ones, and especially so in cases wherein their husbands' interests are concerned. Under such circumstances, they are sometimes almost prescient in regard not only to the character of men, but also in regard to the enterprises that may be in contemplation.

Eleonora says she does not believe in "undying love," and wants us to agree with her in such non-belief and help her convince a "pack of silly girls" that she is right about it. We had rather not "mix in," in such a controversy. But we will help you to a quotation from Shakespeare which says, in substance, unless our memory is at fault, that "there is a wick in the very flame of love, which constantly lessons its brilliancy and power and finally extinguishes it." You will find the passage somewhere in the last act of Hamlet.

A Long Island Reader.—Tell your avaricious brother and friends who wish you to sacrifice your love on the altar of mammon, that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." As to the kind of a house formerly kept by one of the officers of the Long Island Railroad, we cannot answer. We would advise you, however, to drop that matter; even if he, or his parents, kept a house of the sort you refer to, it is none of your business.

C. W. sends the following problem for the Ledger boys to try their skill upon. Although it is an old puzzle to some, it will be new to tens of thousands. "A farmer has $100, which he wishes to lay out for pigs at 50 cents each, sheep at $3 each, and cows at $10 each, and to buy such a number of each kind that he will get in all just one hundred animals for his $100. How many of each kind must he buy?"

Sally B.—Probably the reason why you could never find out the actual birth-place of Robin Hood, or obtain an authentic account of his life and character, is that he is for the most part a legendary myth. He is one of those popular heroes of the early Norman period in the history of England *about* whom but very little can be known, but *in* whom the people will forever zealously and affectionately believe.

An Old Soldier seems to have been sadly taken in by a young lady in Kentucky, if his story is in all respects true. It seems that he has been stationed near the residence of the fair Kentuckian, that is to say, within six miles of it, for several months, and has become much enamored of her. She, according to his story, "seemed to reciprocate the attachment. In order to make a sure thing all round," says our Old Soldier, "I studied the weaknesses of the whole family, including my sweetheart, her father, mother, and a little brother about eleven years of age. The old gentleman's weakness I found to be blood-horses, and so I contrived to get him a fine animal. The little brother's weakness was a poney, and I *got* him a poney. The weakness of the mother and daughter was 'store clothes'—that is to say, dry goods—which were hard to get, but I managed to supply them with a few articles which pleased them amazingly; and so I believed myself to be on the high road to felicity. But on going to the house one evening, by express solicitation of the young lady, I thought I heard an unusual whinnying and stamping of horses in the barn and stable which were not far from the dwelling, and at once a suspicion of treachery entered my mind. But as I was armed with two six-shooters, besides my sabre, I dismounted and went in, hitching my horse close by the door, and keeping a sharp lookout. The mother and daughter were both dressed in the 'store clothes' I had presented them, and so I felt safe, until I caught a black servant, whom I had often made trifling presents to, looking at me in a manner which excited my alarm. I carelessly walked to the door, and pretending to discover something out of gear with my saddle, I unhitched my horse, led him a rod or so towards the road, tightened the girth, and then springing into the saddle, dashed away towards my quarters before any one could have had any suspicion of my intentions. I had not gone far before I met fifteen of my troopers coming rapidly towards me. They had heard reports which alarmed them for my safety, and hence their appearance. Placing myself at their head, I lead them rapidly back, and was in time to surprise about twenty guerrillas who were just preparing to mount their horses. We made short and bloody work with them. The leader of the gang, whom I had the pleasure of slaying with my own hand, turned out to be the *husband* of the *young* lady to whom I had been paying my addresses, and who had encouraged me in so doing, for the purpose of replenishing her own and her mother's wardrobe, and handing me over a prisoner to her husband. The question with me now is, what ought I to do with this treacherous rebel family." That is a question for your superior officers, and not for us.

A Used-up Father.—You ought to be used up. You are evidently one of those selfish men who never suspect that they have any duties to perform, but expect the whole earth and all the affairs of this world to take form and direction for the single purpose of ministering to *their* comfort. Now, the only way for you to "manage to prevent your children from being such an intolerable burden to you," as you so affectionately put it, is to love them as a father should love his children, and make it one of your chief delights to minister to their necessities. To a right-minded and right-hearted father the leaning of his children upon him for support and comfort—their looking to him to smooth their way through the devious paths of childhood and youth, and all their multifarious dependings upon him, are so many sources of happiness. He loves to have them depend upon and confide in him, and grows strong in bearing their burdens upon his willing shoulders. Providence has so ordered things that such a father takes delight in his family, no matter how hard his lot; but the selfish man's fate cries out against him from every side, and even his children are a curse to him. Choose ye to which class you will hereafter belong.

R. T. L.—The writ of *Habeas Corpus* is a process, warrant, or order, (whichever you choose to call it,) by which any person who is imprisoned, or in any manner restrained of his liberty, may be brought before some judge for the purpose of ascertaining by what authority he *is* imprisoned or restrained of his liberty. The writ is as follows:

> "*The People of the State of New York*, to John Doe greeting: We command you that you have the body of Richard Roe by you imprisoned and detained, as it is said, together with the time and cause of such imprisonment and detention, by whatsoever name it shall be called or charged, before me, at the Supreme Court Chambers, at the City Hall, City of New York, on the 7th day of November, A. D. 1863, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to do and receive what shall then and there be considered concerning the said Richard Roe, and have you then there this writ. Witness, Thomas Foe, Justice of the Supreme Court, at City Hall, City of New York, the 24th day of October, 1863.
>
> "T. M. Hoe, Att'y for Richard Roe. H. G. Coe, Clerk."

The names, of course, are fictitious; and in a real writ, &c., would have to be put in their places.

Sophie, who writes one of the most elegant hands we ever saw, gracefully comes into the discussion of a question which ladies generally would not think of mingling in. She says: "In your paper of October 24th, 'L. B.' says that if you place a saucer in the bottom of a bucket and step back just so far that you cannot see the saucer, and then have some one fill the bucket with water, you can plainly see the saucer, and wishes this phenomenon explained. Now I understand it in this way: Light, in passing obliquely from one medium to another of a different density, has its rays bent from their former course. The water has the effect to bend the ray of light so that it meets the eye at a lower point than it otherwise would. Before the water was placed in the bucket the rays of light coming from the saucer passed above the eye, or the saucer would have been visible of course. But the refraction of the water bends the ray downwards, producing the same result to the vision as though the object had been raised."

J. N. B.—The case of this correspondent, if he tells the truth, is one which calls for sympathy from those who have his life in their hands. He says: "I deserted from the army some months ago, because I heard that my wife was dying. I could not procure a furlough, so I ran away. My wife died before I arrived, and I was half inclined to return and give myself up; but the prospect of almost certain death deterred me. Do you think that if I should go back to my regiment and return to duty, that there would be any chance of my getting pardoned? If you think there is any hope for me, will you tell me to whom I should report." Report first to the President. Tell him your story, if it be true and you can prove it to be so, and he will be apt to treat you with all the leniency of which your case will permit.

Thrifty.—Your plan of always spending less than you earn is the only true one. *That* is absolutely safe; whereas the borrowing plan proposed by your friend is speculative and would in all probability be ruinous to both of you.

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
> For loan oft loseth both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

Master Harry.—The only cure for your exceeding bashfulness is to go into society and work it off. You can never acquire ease and self-possession in the society of ladies without frequenting their society a great deal. What are you so afraid of the girls for? They will not hurt you.

H. W.—You will have to be your own judge as to whether or not it would be best for you to "make up" with the irritable and jealous person to whom you refer. The friendship or love of such a person would be apt to be a nuisance to the object of it, as long as it should continue.

S. S.—A deserter is liable to capture and punishment at any time, no matter if he remain undetected until the period for which he enlisted shall expire, or until the war be ended. Desertion is an offence that nothing but an amnesty or pardon can free the offender from the penalty of.

Montcalm.—Yes, the duties of an entry clerk can be performed by any young man who is quick at figures, and a good penman and book-keeper. The salary of an entry clerk depends on many circumstances, and ranges from $500 to perhaps $1500 a year.

S. C. and J. N.—There *is* a higher rank than that of captain in the United States navy. The ranks are as follows, viz: 1. Rear-Admiral; 2. Commodore; 3. Captain; 4. Commander; 5. Lieutenant-Commander; 6. Lieutenant; 7. Master; 8. Ensign; 9. Midshipman.

A., B. and C.—The British government has not transported any troops through the State of Maine to Canada since this war broke out, although our Government gave them the privilege of doing so in the winter of 1861-2.

Iconoclast.—You must manage your case as you best can. Perhaps if you could introduce some fine fellow, in want of a wife, to the lady, he might call off her intentions against your own domestic peace.

A Young Subscriber.—You can get back numbers of the Ledger from January 1st, 1857; that being as far back as we now reprint them. "Orion, the Gold-Beater," is out of print.

Truth.—We cannot advise you on such a meagre statement as you make. We should want to know all about that "hired man" before venturing to advise you.

Marie.—Consult your family physician about the matter. He ought to be able to give you relief in a very short time.

Dilemma.—Cultivate the acquaintance of some of those persons that know the young lady, and get an introduction to her by their aid.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*